Life Among the Refuseniks *Herbert Gold*

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Getting On With Governing

Insofar as goodwill can carry us through the next two years, the future is promising. Mr. Ford's geniality, his informality, his sincerity and determination to do right lift the spirit. Watching the broad smile that never left the face of the Speaker of the House as he listened to President Ford address Congress last week, one knew that Mr. Nixon had really departed, that we had in his place a leader who is liked, who says what he means and means what he says. When the President spoke the word "candor," it was as if one had suddenly met a long-lost and cherished friend. There was confidence that Mr. Ford's joint venture with Congress will be managed with honesty and with civility, which is reason enough for satisfaction. But we have been given as well an unprecedented demonstration of how smoothly and speedily a mid-term transfer of executive power can occur. The constitutional process had never been so tested; it worked magnificently. Though it was becomingly modest for Mr. Ford to refer to himself as an unelected President, it is worth remembering that he was not picked to be Vice President at four in the morning by a harassed presidential nominee and a handful of . . .

(Continued on page 3)

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TRB

from Washington
August 24, 1974

Postmortem

The bacchic chant of self-congratulation fills America over the way the Constitution has triumphed, allowing us to replace the amoral Nixon with the open-hearted Ford. Indeed, a noxious cloud has lifted. But does that vindicate our system? We must dissent.

Here is a press release from the Democratic Study Group (Report 13, Supplement 1) dated October 18, 1972, a fortnight before the election. For some reason we have saved it. It is headed "The Most Corrupt Administration in History," quoting George McGovern. It outlines the latest scandals of the Nixon administration (spelling Kalmbach as "Klamback") and denounces the assertion of Republican innocence: "The White House," it marks, "issued a blanket statement claiming that no White House aides were involved."

It was too late for McGovern then. The evidence was there but nobody believed it. Nemesis took two years.

Now the scandal is lanced, Nixon is out, and in the fervent national sigh of relief the result is said to "vindicate the system." But where does this leave the constitutional process of impeachment? Its threat certainly caused the President to resign, but only after he had convicted himself. Will any other culprit so conveniently testify against himself in his own tapes? Nobody has so trapped himself for self-destruction since Shylock and his pound of flesh.

With a scandal like this almost any other government would have fallen and there would have been a national election, but lacking such a device we used the procedure of hue and cry. It convulsed the nation and almost interrupted orderly administration. And the climax did not bring a change of government but only a change of faces. No new mandate was formally ratified by the voters; and when Mr. Ford picks his new Vice President (confirmed by Congress) it will be a double selection in which the people had no part.

Mr. Ford makes the best of it: if he has no electoral obligation to voters, he notes with justice, neither does he have obligations to favor-seeking giant corporate contributors. He has won without them. This is true, but when you analyze it it means that if we don't have democracy we have something almost as good.

The Nixon resignation leaves the impeachment device in limbo. And it postpones indefinitely any hope of a constitutional change that would allow a popular election on a no-confidence vote.

How does an undesirable like Nixon get to be President in the first place? His record was pretty well known (if former Nixon admirers will forgive us for saying so). His tactics were those of war, not normal politics. He distrusted everybody. But he won an overwhelming vote in 1972.

Here was a President who regarded Americans as "children," and who let his lawyer and 10 loyal Republicans on the Rodino committee defend him, at considerable risk, only to find out at the end that he had known about the cover-up all the time.

Compassion is a wonderful thing; it was urged after the Grant and Harding scandals by men who profited by it, and who went on to win the next presidential election for their party despite the scandal. Once again we have a Mr. Clean, and pleas to forget the past.

Mr. Nixon does not himself admit guilt. In a tearful farewell to the White House staff he boasted that nobody left his administration "with more of this world's good than when he came in"; a rather inapt phrase from one who underpaid his taxes by $465,000. Nobody wants to be vindictive. But the Ervin committee leaves 377 pages about the mysterious Nixon-Rebozo relationship, the donation of recluse billionaire Howard Hughes of $100,000 (in $100 bills) after receiving antitrust favors in Las Vegas, and a 30-page "summary analysis of conflicting evidence" which leaves little doubt that somebody is lying; somebody has committed perjury. It is all very well to be compassionate but the continuing grand jury can't drop its inquiry. There is circumstantial evidence that leftover campaign contributions passed through three Rebozo-associated trust accounts in Florida and ended up as Pat's diamond earrings. If all Americans are equal under law these matters can't be dropped, no matter how much Mr. Nixon has suffered.

So that brings us at last to Mr. Ford. What a relief. The nation is like a child that has swallowed something nasty and thrown up and feels better. Mr. Ford is everything that Nixon wasn't, with warmth and openness and decency, and he has engendered nationwide affection. (We don't hold it against him that he too lunches on cottage cheese garnished with catsup.) Emotions on his face are as transparent as on Eisenhower's.

But what are his limitations? He is more conservative than Nixon and more consistent at it; Nixon steered by a wet thumb, but Ford has a compass pointing always to right of center. He inherited his economic advisers from Nixon; they are associated with business and Wall Street. We wonder about Alan Greenspan, Nixon's chairman-designate of the Council of Economic Advisers, who testified before the Senate Banking Committee in confirmation hearings last week that he opposes the antitrust law, and doesn't believe in the graduated income tax.

President Ford is a conservative and not, we think, very smart at it. Name almost any piece of civil rights, welfare or social legislation in the past 20 years—he voted to weaken or kill it. Name any proposal to spend money for Vietnam or the Pentagon—he voted for it. He attacked LBJ for not pushing Vietnam bombing. When Democrats blocked Carswell he tried to impeach liberal Justice William O. Douglas declaring that "an impeachable offense is whatever the House of Representatives considers it to be."

The nation is in extraordinary economic peril, inflation of wholesale prices last month was at the annual rate of 44 percent. Very likely our standard of living will decline in the next two years. The poor will suffer most. In Congress, Ford was never innovative or imaginative; he offered no legislation of his own; he was a lineman on the team, not one who called the signals. While decent, he was also stubborn. Now his formula is budget cutting, on everything but defense. We fear this oversimplifies his problem.

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Getting On With Governing

weary advisers. Under the 25th Amendment, Mr. Ford was the first vice presidential designee to be questioned in public hearings, and his elevation to the vice presidency was confirmed by Congress. The legitimacy of the succession is indisputable, as indisputable as the new President's instinct for sounding the right human note.

When, however, we turn from the text, as distinct from the tone of Mr. Ford's comments to Congress on inflation—"public enemy Number One,"—we are not so satisfied. The planned summit meeting of economic experts plus congressmen and the President may produce some practical remedies for what ails us. We trust so, for the remedies Mr. Ford advanced last week were not reassuring. Raging inflation, the narrowing of job opportunity for the young and for blacks, soaring interest rates, the decline in productivity, the hardships of the poor and near-poor won't be cured by Calvin Coolidge frugality. It may be that Congress must "cut the cost of government [and] restrain federal spending," but that by itself is a prescription for further decline, especially if the cuts are mostly in nonmilitary spending. Likewise nothing in recent history should lead anyone to think that "jawboning" can moderate the upward push of wages and prices. The President's suggestion that a Cost of Living Council be revived to "monitor wages and prices to expose abuses" is more shadowboxing. Of course one ought not pass final judgment on Mr. Ford's economic program before it has been developed in detail. He will be listening to new advisers and to Congress, and as a result the President may be moved to break away from the orthodoxies and do what's needed to kick up production and income and get prices down. But that will not be done by imitating his predecessor, by slicing federal expenditures and letting everything else more or less rip. The alarm bells have been ringing loud enough to wake the dead. Inflation, running close to 13 percent a year, won't fall below double digits before 1975, if then. Unemployment, now at 5.3 percent, is expected to go above six percent within the next few months. The government's key price index, an indicator of what the consumer will have to pay in the immediate future, rose at an annual rate of more than 44 percent last month, the second largest increase in 28 years. Commentators may compare Mr. Ford to Truman or Eisenhower, but his task is perilously similar to Franklin Roosevelt's. Three weeks ago the Commerce Department refused to label the first two quarters' decline in production this year as a "recession"; department economists now admit that that is pre-

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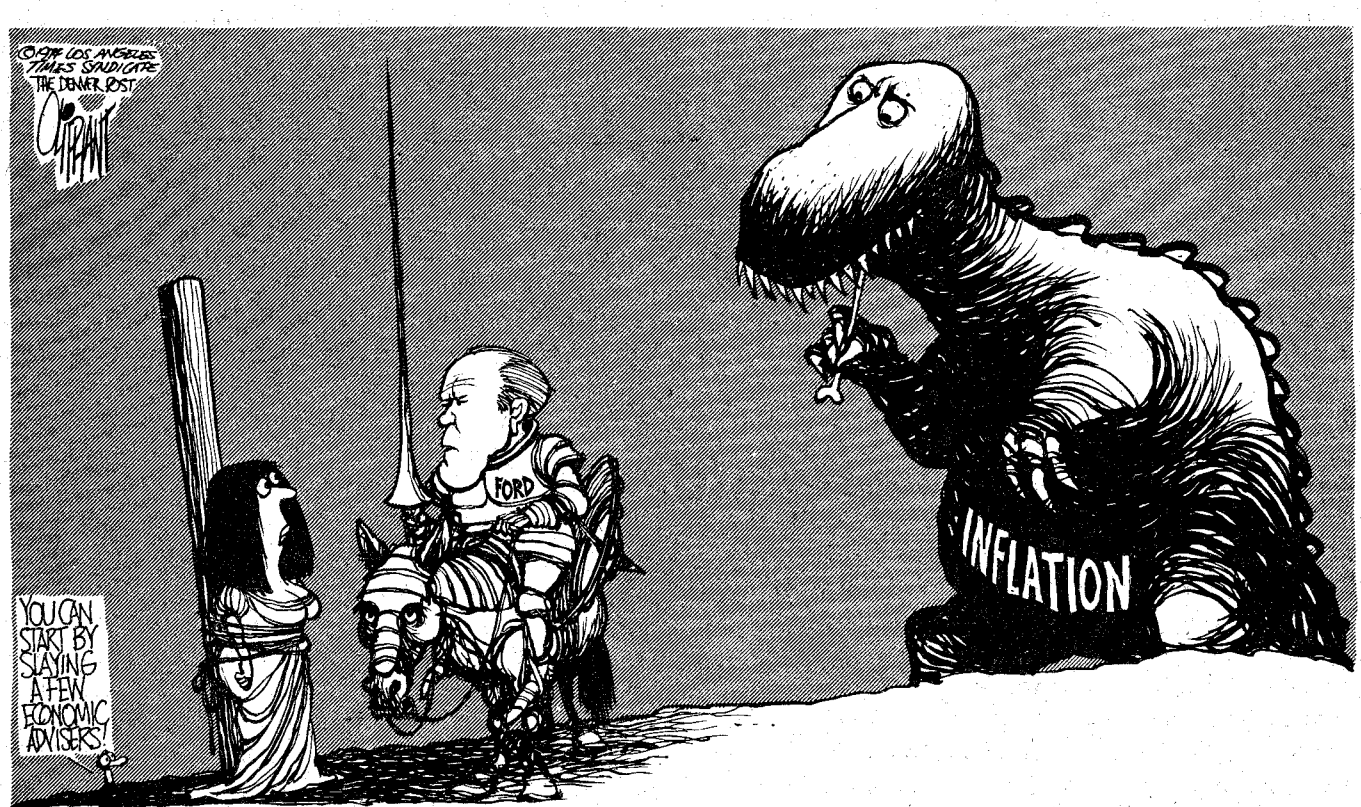
cisely what the country may have in store for it in the next two quarters. And that prospect is not brightened by the latest figures on agricultural production: harvests will be smaller than expected and prices higher.

Earlier this summer, at the invitation of House Speaker Albert, a group of economists reviewed the economic situation and made some proposals. The economists were J. K. Galbraith, Otto Eckstein, Walter Heller, Leon Keyserling, Paul Samuelson, Charles Schultze, James Tobin and Robert Lekachman. They noted that interest rates are at an all-time high, that the financial system is in serious danger, and that "real wages have suffered large declines while profits have been inflating in a nonsustainable way." Housing construction has practically come to a halt. There is threat of massive withdrawals of savings from thrift institutions. The economists do not call for easy money but they do suggest a less repressive monetary policy, for while large corporate buyers can usually meet their credit needs, small business, home builders and buyers cannot. The Federal Reserve Board, they say, should lower interest rates gradually. Implicit in the analysis of the majority of the group is a recognition that although large corporate interests may be hurting from stagflation—recession and inflation—the indigent, the lower- and moderate-income families and those with fixed incomes like the elderly, are hurting worse. They call for a new incomes policy to achieve "responsible price and wage behavior for the largest private economic units," which is to say tax reforms that give relief to the less affluent. Labor, they say, can only be expected to reduce its wage demands if it gets an increase in real income on each paycheck.

Galbraith and Lekachman take a stronger line. They do not think, nor does this journal, that our upset can be cured by tea and toast. In their judgment, if the government means to get a firm hold on inflation without allowing the economy to sink into a deep depression, there have to be mandatory wage and price controls. In addition they recommend a stiff surtax on upper incomes, a solid increase in the corporate income tax, an excise tax on big automobiles and on air conditioners and other heavy users of energy or scarce material for luxury purposes, and a cut in military expenditures. All the economists mentioned favor an adequate fund for "direct employment in useful civic tasks for those who cannot find jobs"—an idea that Mr. Ford, who is a practical man, may find acceptable. As Vice President he fixed 5.5 percent unemployment as the cut-off point, after which a new employment policy would be necessary. Since we are close to that figure, the President may soon have to consider expanded public service employment to maintain incomes and, as the economists put it, to "preserve work habits and self-respect."

Apart from the economy, there's the pressing, unfinished business of Watergate. Among the most urgent is stricter accountability of federal intelligence agencies—the CIA and the FBI—so that they may not so easily again be manipulated for partisan purposes by the White House staff. Congress has been scandalously remiss in exercising its oversight responsibility for the Central Intelligence Agency. And during the long reign of J. Edgar Hoover the FBI was a fiefdom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"I'm new at this . . . What's the situation?"

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about which few questions dared be asked. Congress and the executive have before them recommendations of the Senate Watergate committee, which were dimmed by the drama of impeachment proceedings, Mr. Nixon's resignation and the swearing in of Mr. Ford. Some, not all, of those recommendations deserve to be implemented, including one that would protect the confidentiality of tax returns and bar White House "investigative or intelligence-gathering activity concerning national domestic security not authorized by Congress."

The growth of executive power, the influence of large and frequently hidden campaign contributors, the tampering by political appointees with allegedly independent agencies, the remoteness, high-handedness, and irresponsibility of government—all these had their part in the Watergate horrors. In the wake of a year and a half of disclosures, culminating in Mr. Nixon's final damning revelations, public and congressional pressure for reform of the political system has produced a whole new legislative agenda with which the new President must deal. It took the hanky-panky perpetrated with CREEP's swollen treasury to get Congress upset enough to come near to agreeing on reform of the way federal campaigns are financed. Three major approaches are being explored: curbing candidates' total expenditures, curbing the contributions of each individual and organizational source of funds, and matching private political contributions with public subsidies. The bills adopted this year by the Senate and by the House combine all three approaches. There are fairly strict limits on specific donations and on total expenses, as well as public financing for presidential primary and general election campaigns and party conventions. This ought to ensure an end to "laundered" checks, secret contributions in cash and shakedowns of corporate executives. A final bill is being worked out among House and Senate conferees and will be ready for President Ford's action in three weeks or so. The intended political prophylactic will reinforce what Congress, the courts, the press and public opinion have already done to curb abuse of power by the White House.

Another change, less publicized than the campaign measure, is also emerging from conference committee and will soon reach the President. This is a package of amendments to the 1966 Freedom of Information Act, the first revisions in that act to open up the workings of the federal bureaucracy to easier inspection by anyone. Most of the amendments are noncontroversial—preventing bureaucrats from delaying and frustrating legitimate requests by citizens for government reports and other documents. The hot debate is over an amendment by Sen. Philip Hart (D, Mich.) to broaden citizen access to FBI and other law enforcement files. When faced with requests for documents under the Freedom of Information Act, many agencies have claimed the requested material fell into the category of "investigatory files compiled for law enforcement purposes," which the 1966 act specifically exempts from disclosure—and the courts have usually respected that exemption. Sen. Hart would require the FBI, for example, to show why disclosure would jeopardize an investigation, violate someone's privacy, or interfere with the agency's work. Though it was not in the House bill, the House conferees have accepted the Hart amendment. Sen. Roman Hruska (R, Neb.), however, is urging a veto largely because of it. Again President Ford may be forced to choose between the more "open administration" he has in mind and the desires of the federal law enforcers, or find some middle ground.

Finally a special Senate committee on national emergencies is preparing legislation to curb such executive abuses of power as Mr. Nixon's 1969-70 secret bombing of Cambodia. In the past Mr. Ford has opposed any limit on presidential discretion to take action in foreign affairs or to conduct an undeclared war, and in his address to the Congress he went so far as to claim that the Constitution commands us all to uphold the President when he speaks "to the world"!

So where are we? Two weeks ago, the Republicans had nowhere to go but down, steeply and quickly beginning this November. Mr. Nixon has handed his party not a pardon, but a reprieve. The Republicans are given another chance to appear respectable and modern. They need not defend, nor need President Ford, policies or practices of the past with which many of them have been identified.

The Democrats are in a somewhat awkward position. Although they could not publicly say so, from a partisan point of view, the worst meant the better: Mr. Nixon was to be their guarantor of spectacular gains this November and then in 1976. The guarantor has gone. He is no longer there to kick around or to kick others around, and the Democrats perforce become partisans of constructive cooperation.

But it would not be useful or in character for the Democratic party to become a silent partner, a mindless captive of the President's wholesome bid for unity. Indeed Mr. Ford has made a point of "not asking for conformity; I am dedicated to the two-party system." The Democratic majority does not need to be prodded into supporting Secretary Kissinger's policies, endorsed by the President, of peaceful accommodation with Communist nations and collaboration with traditional allies. It may need to be prodded into finding its identity elsewhere, in the realm of economic management, environmental protection, stricter control of the military budget, wider opportunities for all classes and races, greater equity in incomes and better incentives to earn and save. Meanwhile Democrats in the Senate who had been campaigning for the presidential nomination in 1976 will perhaps find it to their interest to concentrate on the duties of legislating, at least for the rest of this year.

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New in HEW

When President Nixon's plan to restructure welfare payments into a system of "income maintenance" died in 1971, some observers like former White House adviser Daniel Patrick Moynihan thought it would take the government 10 years to recover its enthusiasm for welfare reform. But with the economy running downhill at the present rate there may be an earlier revival of interest. Before it came undone, the Family Assistance Plan had the strong support of Jerry Ford. There is also renewed hope for national health insurance, not someday but soon. On August 11 the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, Wilbur Mills, vowed that he would report out a health bill before adjournment, and on the same day the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Russell Long, swore that he wouldn't let it die in the Senate. President Ford, coming aboard, wondered last week: "Why don't we write a good health bill on the statute books in 1974 before this Congress adjourns?" No reason at all—though important details remain to be ironed out. For instance Sen. Kennedy wants health insurance funded through social security taxes. Secretary of HEW Caspar Weinberger, speaking for the retired administration, wants it funded through personal payments to insurance companies. Mr. Ford will have to choose between these two approaches, and last week he called Mills and Long to the White House to discuss possible compromises. In the past he voted against expanding social security to cover the aged under Medicare.

Mr. Ford has already promised to sign the expanded Elementary and Secondary Education Act, which will allow for spending $25.2 billion over the next four years, more than Mr. Nixon wanted and probably more than President Ford relishes. "I must be frank," he told Congress. "In implementing its provisions, I will oppose excessive funding during this inflationary crisis." We don't know what that will mean in practice. Some congressmen think it sounds like a threat to return to Nixon's impoundment policy. If that's what it is, it is a "terrible way to start the new administration," in the judgment of Rep. John Brademas of the House Education and Labor Committee. At any rate by signing the ESEA, Mr. Ford marks the end of the effort to fit education into the scheme of Mr. Nixon's new federalism. The new legislation does *not* restrict HEW's authority to run programs from Washington: Congress went out of its way to write a clause forbidding the Commissioner of Education to delegate authority outside Washington without congressional approval—a carefully placed barrier against Mr. Nixon's plan to "regionalize" HEW.

Title IV of the bill, called the "consolidation of certain education programs," is perhaps its most interesting section. It proposes an experiment: it allows states and local officials to file a simple application for education money and gives them some discretion in spending it. However Congress still sets priorities and HEW retains responsibility for enforcing them. Old categorical programs for aid to school libraries and the purchase of books and equipment are lumped together and the entire bundle of discretionary funds wrapped in a section called the "Special Projects Act." But the same section that ends the old categorical grants creates seven new "priorities" that will function much the same way. They are not as rigid, for they last only three years and after that may be ended by HEW without a fuss. However they are specific in what they require of local governments. Congress provides $300 million for these seven areas until 1978, and another $300 million for unspecified projects.

In two other ways Congress compromised with the Nixon White House on spending for schools. It agreed to reduce slightly the amount of impact aid—money given to districts with a heavy concentration of federal employees—lowering the total from $1.08 billion to about $980 million. It also updated the formula for handing out approximately two billion dollars yearly in Title I aid for deprived children. Need will be calculated with less emphasis on the number of welfare recipients in the district and more attention to 1970 Census data. New York, for example, will get an estimated $25 million less in Title I money in 1975 then it did this year. Other states like Florida and Texas will get more.

The Nixon White House had criticized the anti-busing sections of the education bill for being much too soft and warned that unless the wording was toughened it would be vetoed. The bitter struggle between House and Senate on this issue was settled largely by chance. The week before the vote was taken, the Supreme Court issued a decision forbidding forced busing in circumstances where districts into which or from which it was proposed to bus, were themselves not involved in prior efforts to block integration. This reassured the enemies of busing in the House, who after hearing the decision calmly voted for amendments they had earlier called too weak. Rather than adopt a flat prohibition of busing beyond the school "next nearest" the pupil's home—as the House wanted—Congress made exception to allow busing when the courts find there is no other remedy.

SOON: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. differs with TRB on the merits of parliamentary government

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Will We See Him in Court?

"Out of compassion for the man, out of respect for the office he has held, and out of appreciation for the fact that by his resignation he has spared the nation the prolonged agony that would have attended upon his trial, I urge that the sentence imposed on the defendant by this court not include confinement." So said Elliot Richardson in a Baltimore courtroom in October 1973 when the defendant was Spiro Agnew who, moments before pleading no contest to a tax fraud charge, had resigned the vice presidency. Less than two weeks later Richardson was no longer Attorney General—the result of one of Richard Nixon's many blundering efforts to conceal proof of his complicity in the Watergate cover-up. Approximately 10 months thereafter Mr. Nixon's jig was up, and Richardson's list of compassionate considerations is now being echoed by those who urge no criminal prosecution of the ex-President.

Agnew's plea bargain was not a popular deal. When the Department of Justice allowed a graft-taking Vice President to avoid a jail sentence because he had "voluntarily" yielded up the nation's second-highest office, it set an unfortunate precedent for other public officials and tossed into the plea-bargaining process a factor that is most unfair to those accused criminals who have no public trust to barter for leniency. But it was hard to quarrel with Mr. Richardson's feeling that the national interest demanded Agnew's immediate removal. If the then Vice President unqualifiedly refused to go unless he was assured of no jail term, the Attorney General could sensibly have concluded that the trip was worth the price.

One price that apparently was never even considered when the Agnew scandal erupted was an exchange of a resignation for no prosecution whatever. Mr. Agnew was told he would have to admit guilt (or, at least, formally offer no contest) to a charge that he had committed a serious crime. The prosecutors also stood firm on their demand that the court record contain a full account of the evidence gathered in the federal investigation. History should be left with no doubt, they felt, that criminal charges against a Vice President that resulted in his resignation were rooted in solid proof.

What was unthinkable in the case of Spiro Agnew is now being urged for Richard Nixon—even by some who expressed disappointment or outrage over the Agnew deal and harbored no affection for Nixon. There is something in the Fall of a President that dwarfs all other imaginable forms of disgrace and punishment. So, it is said, Mr. Nixon has been hurt enough by his humiliating withdrawal from public life, and any criminal investigation or prosecution for what he has done would simply be "hounding" the ex-President. Nor is there any reason, the same sources argue, to require an admission of wrongdoing as a condition for leaving Mr. Nixon alone. It is enough that the man resigned; he was not obliged to issue abject apologies or make self-incriminating admissions.

If the only purpose of a criminal prosecution were to punish Richard Nixon for what he had done and to deter future Presidents from following his example, the argument would be a sound one. A jail term for the ex-President is not needed to drive home the lesson that a President should not obstruct justice. Nor is rehabilitation of Richard Nixon likely to be furthered by a stay in a federal penitentiary. Punishment and rehabilitation of the offender, for his own good and as an object lesson to others, are the usual objectives of a criminal prosecution. But in this singular and shattering event, there are at least three other concerns—all equally important—that justify, or even compel, full investigation and criminal prosecution by the office of the special prosecutor.

First are the ambiguities of history. How will the effort at impeaching Richard Nixon, which culminated in his resignation, be recounted in chronicles of the United States written a century from now? Given Mr. Nixon's disingenuous farewell address, with its emphasis on the "erosion" of the "political base" that frustrated his efforts at personal "vindication," will his guilt or innocence of participation in the Watergate cover-up remain an open and debated issue for all time? The mass of material in the Judiciary Committee volumes, even when augmented by the latest tape transcripts (and such additional evidence as may emerge in the Watergate cover-up trial) will not, of itself, put the question to rest. Controversy continues to swirl around the Warren Commission's conclusions regarding President Kennedy's assassination—also supported by great gobs of proof. That debate indicates that even the most convincing evidentiary presentation does not do the job done by a verdict of a court or jury or by a defendant's guilty plea to a formal charge.

If Mr. Nixon wants personal vindication, he can have it in a full-fledged criminal investigation. Now that he is a private citizen is he ready to testify before the Watergate grand jury as were Messrs. Ehrlichman, Haldeman and Mitchell after they left public office? The grand jury has already named him a co-conspirator on the basis of the first group of subpoenaed tapes, and it may call on him in a continuing investigation of the cover-up to fill in other conversations—possibly those that are said not to have been recorded or not to have been picked up by machines whose tapes had run out. Presidential resignation robbed the Senate—a willing victim—of the opportunity to sit as a court of impeachment and pass on the proof of the President's criminal involvement in Watergate. There is now no agency that can make the definitive judgment for posterity other than a judge and jury in an ordinary

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Hindsight

On September 26, 1968, Ambassador George W. Ball, until then permanent representative of the United States to the United Nations and before that undersecretary of State, resigned his post in New York in order to participate in the election campaign of that year. In a press conference following his resignation he expressed disapproval of Messrs. Nixon and Agnew as candidates for President and Vice President. Two days later Mr. Ball was formally charged before the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Charles P. Taft, chairman, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Harry S. Truman, honorary members, with violating the rule against ". . . the use of personal vilification, character defamation, whispering campaigns, libel, slander, or scurrilous [sic] on any candidate or his personal or family life." Also the rule against ". . . the use of campaign material of any sort which misrepresents, distorts, or otherwise falsifies the facts regarding any candidate." Also with ". . . dishonest or unethical practice which tends to corrupt or undermine our American system of free elections or which hampers or prevents the full and free expression of the will of the voters."

In the bill of particulars supporting the foregoing charges, Mr. Ball was charged with saying that Mr. Nixon was "a man without pattern or principle to his life." Also with saying, "It is important that people do not forget the 'Tricky Dick' we used to talk about, because there is significance in that phrase." Also with calling Mr. Agnew a "fourth-rate hack politician." The complaint concluded that such comment "denies the American people the right to make a responsible judgment as to which candidate is best qualified for election to the Presidency of the United States." Somewhat repetitively, it averred that these statements "misrepresented, distorted and falsified the facts by making scurrilous attacks on the characters of Nixon and Agnew."

By way of remedy, Mr. Ball was called upon to retract his statements, be admonished against such conduct in the future, be repudiated by Vice President Humphrey, be declared in willful violation of the Code of Fair Campaign Practices and publicly apologize "to the Honorable Richard M. Nixon and Governor Spiro T. Agnew for his wanton and intentional conduct. . . ." The complaint against Mr. Ball was signed by the general counsel of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Ball replied, pleading truth and also the "restraint and gentility" of his statements. He noted that Mr. Nixon had earlier admonished his supporters against use of "milquetoast or kid glove tactics" in election campaigns. The general counsel of the Republican National Committee did not pursue the charge. Counsel was Mr. Richard G. Kleindienst.

John Kenneth Galbraith

MR. GALBRAITH *is Paul M. Warburg professor of economics at Harvard.*

courtroom. History's evaluation was thought important enough by the prosecutors in the Agnew affair to make the Vice President's admission of criminal conduct and the full recitation of evidence nonnegotiable terms in the plea bargaining. Uncertainty as to the reasons for presidential resignation is surely as harmful to the stability of our institutions and to respect for our governmental process as uncertainty over a Vice President's decision to leave. In Nixon's case, as it was in Agnew's, it is essential that there be a formal charge and a final and binding judicial decision.

A second important objective is to complete the Watergate investigations, begun by the Ervin committee and continued by the special prosecutor and the House Judiciary Committee, with a picture of the whole truth. There are still too many loose ends. Why was the Watergate burglary undertaken? Who had advance knowledge of the project? Who and what are responsible for selected erasures on the President's tapes? Was there only one cover-up or, as is suggested by the latest withholding of tapes, have we witnessed a series of attempted cover-ups by Mr. Nixon and those implicated in Watergate, each one supplanting an exposure of the previous effort?

Richard Nixon has too much personal information about too many federal offenses committed in 1972, 1973 and 1974 to be left alone. Had there been a solitary violation of law in which he had participated a year ago and substantially all the facts concerning that violation were known, a good case could be made for permitting him an undisturbed retreat. That was substantially true of Spiro Agnew, whose personal financial foibles were amply documented by signed and sworn statements from those who had dealt with him. A continuing investigation of these affairs would not have led to further information regarding other crimes.

Mr. Nixon, on the other hand, has much explaining to do and much testimony to give—unless he now invokes the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination. Were there discussions between himself and Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Mitchell before the Nixon associates went up to the Ervin committee to testify on national television and radio? The most recently released tapes indicate that perjury was committed before the Senate committee to hide Richard Nixon's involvement. Did the then President announce his waiver of executive privilege that allowed these witnesses to testify without knowing whether they would tell the truth—or did he suborn perjury? Were the self-serving omissions from the publicly released Watergate transcripts made by Richard Nixon personally, as was suggested at the time by the White House? What explanation is there for the one-sided editing of those documents other than a deliberate effort to obstruct the work of the Judiciary Committee? And has there been more obstruction in the mysterious erasures and disappearances of tapes? The probability that Richard Nixon knows of or participated actively

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in crimes related to Watergate that have not yet been made the subject of a formal charge is what should be of most interest to the special prosecutor.

If Mr. Nixon had, one dark night, committed a serious criminal offense all by himself with no one else involved in the deed or its aftermath, it might be the wisest course to forget it once he had been forced to ignominious resignation. But the docket sheets of the federal court in the District of Columbia are now filled with the formal consequences of the massive illegalities committed by Nixon subordinates. Many have already pleaded guilty and gone to jail. Others await sentencing and service of their prison time. Still others have hired lawyers at great expense and will be forced to stand trial for acts they allegedly committed on behalf of Richard Nixon. What possible explanation will there ever be if history records that those who acted on Nixon instructions, express or implied, were charged and convicted of crimes and went to jail while their chief spent his retirement years strolling the Pacific beaches, writing about his accomplishments in foreign policy, and lecturing to college audiences? Will it be enough to say that when Mr. Gallup polled citizen sentiment after the Nixon resignation, 55 percent of the relieved citizenry felt he should be left alone? The majority's will has never been a reliable indicator of the equality that a fair system of justice demands.

Here again a comparison with the Agnew affair is instructive. Those who were involved in Mr. Agnew's offenses testified against him, and none has received a jail sentence. He and they have been treated equally. One can quarrel with the Agnew prosecutors only as to whether the ex-Vice President's punishment should have been *more* severe than what was meted out to his confederates. By that standard Richard Nixon should be treated no more leniently, though possibly more harshly, than John Ehrlichman or H. R. Haldeman.

Mr. Jaworski has let it be known that he will wait several weeks before deciding how to proceed in the matter of citizen Nixon. That is surely the wisest immediate course. Relief over the Nixon resignation produces a sense of generosity that overpowers reason —much as it did with Mr. Ford when he burbled at the impromptu appearance on his front lawn after the Nixon farewell speech, that "the President of the United States has made one of the greatest personal sacrifices for the country" by resigning. Nixon supporters now see him as manning a lifeboat, and view his prosecution as an effort to shoot holes in the rescue craft. Considering that the boat's occupant is the skipper of the ship who has been caught planting mines around the vessel and steering it toward the reef, one wonders whether a shot or two is unjustified. But, all things considered, the lifeboat might as well be allowed to reach shore before the captain's fate is determined.

Nathan Lewin

The Last Nixon Watch

Demise

This is the story of the last 17 days of the Nixon presidency insofar as I have been able to learn the story. There have been many such accounts. Most of them, including some that pretended to be but in the main were not obtained at the White House, originated in Congress and in other peripheral quarters. The most to be said for this account, apart from statements attributed to members of Congress, is that it reflects and is confined to what I was told at the White House by officials who were involved, some intimately and some at varying distances, in the agonies of discussion and maneuver that preceded and accompanied the first resignation of a President of the United States and the first accession to the office of a President who had not been elected to either it or the vice presidency.

We must start again, as I did in my account in this journal's August 10 & 17 issue of the President's final approach to judgment, with events in Washington and San Clemente on July 24. The US Supreme Court on that day announced its unanimous decision that President Nixon must surrender to federal Judge John Sirica, for passing after review and removal of irrelevant material to Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, the tapes and any other records of 64 White House conversations that might bear upon the guilt or innocence of defendants in a Watergate case. The President was at his Western White House and residence in San Clemente. Eight hours elapsed between the announcement of the decision and the announcement by Mr. Nixon's chief Watergate attorney, James D. St. Clair, that the President intended "to comply with that decision in all respects." It was explained then that it took time to absorb the nuances of so important and complex a decision and that the President and his chief assistant, Gen. Alexander Haig, needed and were taking time to solicit advice from people in Washington and elsewhere, not on whether to comply but on how best to announce the intention. Since then I've learned that the uses of the intervening eight hours were more murky and interesting than the previous account indicated and, in a way about to be noted, were fatefully indicative of what was soon to come.

One of the options suggested to the President, and rejected by him, was that he announce that he was defying the Supreme Court decision for the good and protection of the presidency and of future Presidents, publicly destroy all the remaining White House tapes, and then resign. This suggestion came from a longtime adviser to Republican Presidents, including Mr. Nixon and now President Ford—an adviser who is widely regarded by journalists as a moderate and a moderating influence. Mr. Nixon might have welcomed and paid serious attention to such a suggestion

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if a far more critical and immediate matter had not been on his mind that day in San Clemente. It was what to do about the ruinous passages that he knew and had known since at least early May to be on three of the taped recordings that Judge Sirica and now the Supreme Court had ordered him to surrender, through the judge, to Jaworski. They were portions, amounting to a total of some six minutes, in 129 minutes of three conversations with H. R. Haldeman on June 23, 1972. That was six days after the original break-in and arrests at the Democratic headquarters in the Watergate office building in Washington and nine months before March 21, 1973, when Mr. Nixon had said again and again that he first learned of efforts at the White House and at its election-year adjunct, the Committee for the Reelection of the President, to conceal or, in the tag phrase that has joined the national language, to "cover up" White House involvement in the Watergate crime. Because he had listened to the recordings on May 5 and 6, he knew that they proved he not only knew about the attempt at cover-up but participated in and authorized a key part of it on June 23, 1972.

Here I combine fact with conjecture. The fact is that J. Fred Buzhardt, the President's staff counsel in Washington, called for the June 23 recordings as soon as the Supreme Court decision was announced and spent the rest of last July 24 listening to them in his office in the Executive Office Building next door to the White House in Washington. Why did he go immediately to those particular tapes? "That is something I will never tell you," Buzhardt told an inquirer. My conjecture, supported to some extent by the impression of other White House assistants, is that Mr. Nixon ordered Buzhardt to review the June 23 tapes and tell him, the President, whether in Buzhardt's opinion they were as damaging as the President feared they were.

Buzhardt reported within hours to the San Clemente White House that he had listened to the tapes and that the Watergate passages would finish the President. In terms of strict and limited legalities, Buzhardt said, they did not necessarily destroy the President's defense. In the political and human terms that concerned the country and the House Judiciary Committee, then moving toward its first impeachment votes, the taped passages were ruinous because they proved Richard Nixon to be a liar and an early participant in decisions that had led to the indictment of former Attorney General John Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman and five other Nixon men. The President, Haig and St. Clair knew that this was Buzhardt's opinion of the June 23 tapes when St. Clair announced Mr. Nixon's decision to comply with the Supreme Court decision. They knew it when, during the four remaining days of Mr. Nixon's last stay as President in California, Communications Director Ken Clawson and Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler raised the White House counterattack upon the House Judiciary Committee to a peak of irrational and, as it turned out, self-defeating frenzy. They knew it on July 27 when, after the committee had voted the first article of impeachment, Ziegler said in a written statement: "The President remains confident that the full House will recognize that there simply is not the evidence to support this or any other article of impeachment and will not vote to impeach. He is confident because he knows he has committed no impeachable offense." Did Ziegler know about the June 23 tapes and Buzhardt's estimate of them when he said this for the President? The available answer throws an explanatory light on the Nixon White House at its top and center in the final days. Ziegler and Haig, remember, were then and for many months had been the President's only regular and intimate official confidants. They were assumed to work in concert. On the 27th and later, until and after Mr. Nixon's resignation, Ziegler hid from reporters and refused to answer questions. It was said later and authoritatively that Haig didn't know whether Ziegler knew of the tapes and Buzhardt's report. Haig knew only that he hadn't told Ziegler. Haig didn't know whether Mr. Nixon had told Ziegler.

The Nixon party returned to Washington July 28. The peddled and generally reported story thereafter was that knowledge of the damaging passages came as a terrific shock to Haig and St. Clair when rough, partial transcripts were given them on July 31. Here again the fuller facts tell much about the Nixon White

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House in its death throes. St. Clair heard the key passages on July 30 and perceived that Buzhardt had, if anything, understated the damage. Buzhardt, who until then was Haig's only authority for what was on the tapes, stood low in Haig's judgment because of some fairly serious mistakes in the handling of subpoenas and tapes last year. Haig had laid down a rigid rule that transcripts be made only from copies of original tapes, in the sensible apprehension that the originals might be harmed during transcription. But Haig's opinion of Buzhardt and the time required for copying tapes did not entirely explain the slow dissemination of the bad news to and at the top of the Nixon staff. Only a realization by the President and Haig of the devastating effects that the Watergate passages were bound to have upon everyone who became aware of them could explain it. Henry Kissinger was told on the 31st that bad trouble was in the tapes, but he didn't know what the trouble was and how bad it was until the June 23 transcripts were published late on August 5. Communications Director Clawson was vaguely alerted on August 2 but he, like Kissinger, didn't get the whole score until Haig imparted it to the White House staff just before the transcripts and an accompanying Nixon statement were issued.

Three "defense teams" of lawyers and White House staff writers had been put together after the return from California to deal with each of the three articles of impeachment voted by the Judiciary Committee. Raymond Price, the writer most esteemed by Mr. Nixon, headed one of these teams. Charles Lichstenstein, an assistant to counsellor Dean Burch, headed one. Patrick Buchanan, a conservative consultant to the President, and David Gergen, nominally the chief Nixon writer, each thought that he headed the third team. Price learned on Thursday night, August 1, and Buchanan on Friday, August 2, that they might as well forget the defense operations, and they did. Gergen sensed but was never told that he might as well forget it too. Price was shown the Watergate portions of the June 23 transcripts that Thursday night and was told by Haig to begin thinking about a Nixon statement to accompany publication of the transcripts. Buchanan was shown the Watergate portions and given similar instructions Friday. Haig on Saturday, August 3, instructed Ziegler, Price, Buchanan and St. Clair to prepare to accompany him to Camp David, the presidential retreat in the Maryland mountains near Washington, on Sunday, for a conference with the President. Mr. Nixon was already there with his wife, his two daughters and their husbands, and Charles G. Rebozo, his Florida friend, and companion in trouble.

Masses of tosh have been printed about the Camp David meeting. One of the few points worth making about it now is that the President didn't have to be persuaded at that stage to publish the June 23 transcripts and acknowledge, as he did the following day, that he'd been at fault in withholding vital information from his lawyers, his congressional defenders and his staff. The sole issue in substantial doubt and discussion was whether he should leave the way open for early resignation, which he resisted doing but finally did, or commit himself to see the impeachment process through to Senate trial and predictable conviction, which he preferred to do and, after waverings that continued well into the following Wednesday night, didn't do. I have talked with three of the five participants in the Camp David meeting. None of the three thought it odd, all thought it perfectly natural, that President Nixon conferred in person only with Haig and Ziegler and met them separately, never together.

Haig told Price on Tuesday night to begin drafting the resignation speech that the President delivered on Thursday night, August 8. The instructions to Price from the President through Haig never changed. The key instruction was to admit nothing more than a few "mistakes of judgment" and to avoid even the mild acknowledgment of guilt that had appeared in the Monday statement. Price discussed successive drafts with the President by telephone several times and once in person on the last Thursday morning. He never had the slightest intimation that the President might change his mind and refuse to resign. Mr. Nixon nearly changed several times and actually did once, in mid-afternoon of Wednesday before Haig had Sens. Goldwater and Scott and Rep. Rhodes visit him and tell him how hopeless his situation in Congress was. Henry Kissinger, leaving Mr. Nixon at midnight Wednesday after assuring him for 2½ hours that he was right in believing that common sense and the international weal required resignation, but never demanding or explicitly recommending resignation, was not altogether certain on Thursday morning that the President would do what he did that night.

Thank God, he's gone. I'll miss him and I wish for him the mercy that he doesn't deserve and probably won't get.

John Osborne

MR. OSBORNE *is going on vacation and will be back in September watching President Ford.* •

Colorado Politics

Chance for Democrats

Denver

Colorado Democrats have an opportunity this year to stitch together a winning coalition and end a dozen years of benign neglect under the acceptable but uninspired guidance of ex-Gov. John Love, a moderate Republican. The timing is right. Since 1962, tens of thousands of newcomers, many of them touched by the turbulent politics of the '60s, have been lured to

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the high country of the Rockies with its magnificent scenery and casual life-styles. Colorado's population has doubled since the end of World War II, adding another congressman and many other problems. A new generation of political leadership has matured and is eager to transform the state into the Minnesota of the '60s and '70s. But a catalyst is needed, and it may be found in oil shale. For what is done in Colorado about shale will have rippling effects on jobs, tax policy, water priorities, population growth, environmental controls, and exploitation by out-of-state interests.

All the Democrats who would like to battle Republican John Vanderhoff for the governorship have been saying much the same thing about exploiting the oil shale: don't let the outside pressures turn this beautiful state into an energy colony; make sure the companies pay their share of the cost of roads, schools, hospitals for the hundreds of thousands of people they propose to bring into the sparsely populated western slope of Colorado. The front-runner is State Rep. Richard Lamm, at 36 a man bursting with ideas. He helped lead the fight against the Olympics in 1972, has been outspoken in favor of liberalized abortion laws and was one of the first in the state to warn that growth for growth's sake is a mistake. In the precinct caucuses and county assemblies earlier this year, he cleaned up in the university towns along the "front range" of the Rockies (where three-fourths of the state's population lives), in the upper-income precincts in Denver and its suburbs, and in the Capitol Hill area of Denver where the young have poured into the old houses abandoned by affluent Denverites who built them. He entered politics through the state assembly and in his first race received close to 40 percent of the vote.

But Lamm's nomination would open a rift between his backers and organized labor and minority groups. The hunger for jobs often is greater than fears that the environment will be damaged. Environmental protection is regarded by many as a luxury interest of the upper middle class. Lamm might be able to get around this because Colorado's unemployment rate is low, its labor leadership is sophisticated and Lamm's labor record in the legislature excellent. But he would still have to clear the hurdle of his pro-abortion position (unacceptable in the large, socially conservative Mexican-American community) and his identification with "elite liberalism."

Concerns such as these earlier led a number of leading Democrats into the camp of former Lt. Gov. Mark Hogan in the preliminary rounds for the gubernatorial nomination. But Hogan found himself squeezed on the left by Lamm and on the right by State Rep. Tom Farley of Pueblo, the candidate of the remnant of the old Denver Democratic machine. The result: Hogan ran third at the state assembly in June and seven key financial backers promptly notified him they were pulling out of his campaign and would back Farley. Rather than put his family in hock, Hogan withdrew. So the September Democratic primary fight narrows to a confrontation between environmentalist Lamm and Farley, a product of machine politics in Pueblo, a steel city that rises in a smoky haze from the flat, arid countryside of southeastern Colorado.

To succeed in September and again in the general election, Lamm will have to pluck some emotional strings that will sound harsh in other parts of the country. One possible Lamm theme is a new state's rights doctrine—a pledge that he will stand in the door of the capitol and block energy-hungry Easterners who flock to Colorado, be they federal officials, oil magnates or just compatriots from the energy-starved industrial complexes that run from the Great Lakes through the Northeast. He just might sell that theme. The fight over the Olympics was won when working people came to understand how much of the tax burden *they* would have to carry for small groups of promoters in the business community. Oil shale raises some of the same working-class anxieties. People have seen what happens to boom towns in the West, when nomadic construction crews come in their trailer houses, often doubling or tripling the size of a community without adding to its tax base. And Coloradans know water is scarce in the Rockies, and that full-scale development of oil shale threatens to gulp up every drop available.

The coalition-building of Colorado's Common Cause has raised voter awareness of what might be termed "populist" issues. One beneficiary is Sam W. Brown, Jr., who first came to public attention as one of the young McCarthy organizers in 1968 and later a coordinator of the Vietnam Moratorium. Now 31, he's a candidate for state treasurer. His call for strong social guidelines in state investment policies (put state money in banks giving good loans to threatened farmers, businesses in small towns, and middle- and low-income home buyers) proved so popular with rural and working-class delegates at the state assembly that he received 47 percent of the vote in a three-way race after a campaign lasting only a few weeks.

The biggest worry of Democratic strategists here is the "image" of their ticket. They need something to attract the moderates, and few believe that either of the two front-runners in the Senate contest qualify—former AFL-CIO State Chairman Herrick Roth, and Gary Hart, the McGovern staff member who has a pretty solid grass roots organization. The third man in the senatorial race is Marty Miller, a former district attorney favored by more conservative elements. This

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state has a conservative tradition despite the stirrings of recent years. Private polls by Hogan showed that a Roth-Lamm or Hart-Lamm ticket with Sam Brown and others of like mind filling it out would be too much for Coloradans.

All this makes oil shale exploitation important as an issue that might unite Coloradans and provide a new political model in the Rockies for a generation or more. How much growth, at what cost to whom? The area needs a new model to replace the traditional, federally financed growth policies of several generations of liberal leaders.

Paul R. Wieck

A Way to Rein in the Economy

Inflation and Recession

by Richard N. Cooper

The forebears of most of us were farmers, and farmers in those days lived by the grace of God. Incomes would rise and fall with the weather and with plagues of insects. The uncertainties of modern living are happily very much less than they were for farmers. Sharp adverse changes in the fortunes of individuals are cushioned by unemployment compensation, by disability insurance, by medical insurance; sharp adverse changes in the fortunes of large groups of individuals are allowed to vary even less, through various forms of state intervention. As a consequence, unlike our forebears, we have come to expect steady increases in our real incomes year after year.

So how do we respond when prices rise sharply? We respond by trying to get our employer to pay us higher wages and salaries, of course. It is our due. But wait. What if certain important prices have increased because of bad weather, which still occurs with the same frequency as of old (though far fewer of us are dependent on it for our livelihood, and bad weather one place is more easily compensated for by good weather elsewhere through international trade)? Or what if prices have increased because a foreign monopolist has decided to charge us more for his essential product? No wage increase will call forth additional wheat if the world crop has been bad; and no amount of additional salary will call forth additional oil if OPEC producers are determined, as they say they are, to maintain their higher receipts in real terms, that is, to keep oil prices in pace with world inflation.

In technical jargon the terms of trade have turned against the oil-consuming urban dweller. Like the old-time farmer, his *real income* has fallen because of events beyond his control. Without the power to tax the incomes of foreign oil producers, there is little he can do to recapture his lost income. Any attempt to do so will merely result in unemployment (if the Federal Reserve keeps the brakes on the money supply) or in runaway inflation, for higher wages will just result in higher prices, which in turn result in higher wages, and so on. (Here in fact is a fatal flaw in the proposals for full indexing of wages, pension payments and other forms of income; the country as a whole cannot determine its terms of trade vis-à-vis the rest of the world, and when they turn for the worse full indexing will lead to runaway inflation.)

The man in the street does not of course appreciate this problem, and the administration has done very little to explain it to him, much less take steps to alleviate the situation. As a result wage demands have been rising since the ill-timed removal of wage guidelines on April 1; they have included claims for a "catch-up" to past increases in the cost of living; and they have called for improved automatic escalation with future increases in the cost of living. If these claims succeed in being realized, the country will be in for difficult times during the rest of the decade, as the inflationary impetus works its way through several rounds of price and wage increases in an upward spiral. What started out in the late '60s as too much (Vietnam-war generated) money chasing too few goods—demand-pull inflation, in the jargon of economists—will become cost-push inflation in the mid to late '70s as workers file "catch-up" and keep-up wage demands that push up costs.

To argue as monetarists do that on the average

Richard N. Cooper *is professor of economics at Yale and a former deputy assistant secretary of State for international monetary affairs.*

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prices can be kept down if increases in the money supply are kept under control, is to argue that we should generate a recession. Some important prices have gone up, and important prices will fall to counterbalance them only if demand for some products drops enough to overcome the resistance to price reductions in modern industrial society. But such a drop in demand spells recession and unemployment.

There is another perspective on the present economic problem. The OPEC countries have imposed what amounts to an excise tax on all consumers of oil, and it would take them a number of years to spend their extra revenues from this tax. These revenues will be on the order of $60 billion a year. The tax taken by itself reduces the purchasing power of those who pay it—it is the financial counterpart of the reduction in real incomes referred to above. But the OPEC countries will be willing, indeed eager, to *lend* or *invest* these revenues back to the consuming countries. Indeed they have no alternative in the short run, so long as they are selling oil, for they cannot spend the funds as fast as they are earning them. By virtue of this willingness, we can maintain our standards of living in spite of our loss of *real income* by borrowing from abroad, from the oil-exporting nations.

If we are to borrow—and if world depression is to be avoided we have to borrow—some particular agent must do the borrowing. It will be difficult for individual consumers to borrow more than they normally do, and many of them will be reluctant to do so. Business firms will step up their borrowing if demand for their products is there, but not otherwise. They are not likely to borrow anything like the additional $60 billion required at the global level. That leaves governments to play a residual but important role in borrowing in order to maintain the total level of real expenditures in the world.

If we put together these separate angles of vision on the impact of the increase in oil prices, we see that there is a high risk of rapid price inflation *and* of world economic recession at the same time. World recession in fact threatens for three interrelated reasons. First, the increase in oil prices alone will be contractionary, as indicated above, by drawing down purchasing power available for other goods and services, with the oil exporters unable to spend all of their new income. Second, the increase in oil prices will create huge foreign trade deficits for most oil-consuming countries, and while at the global level the finance will be available (from the oil-exporting countries) to cover these trade deficits, without special action many individual countries will be unable or unwilling to borrow to cover the deficits. Instead they will attempt to cut down on their other imports and to stimulate their exports. But because the capacity of the OPEC countries to buy more is limited in the short run, these actions will only aggravate the trade deficits of other oil-consuming countries. In the scramble to reduce trade deficits (and to deal with misdiagnosed inflation) countries are liable to deflate beyond what is required, and thus foster world recession.

Finally the world's financial system has been put under great strain by the foreign exchange and oil price developments of the past 18 months, and unless the system is carefully managed by the leading central banks, there is some risk of a general collapse of international credit—especially in the Euro-currency market. Thanks to well developed central bank practices, this danger is not one that attends the United States or other leading economies internally, so analogies to the 1929 crash are misplaced. But a major recession is not beyond possibility, nor is a major collapse of the largely unregulated and unsupported system of international credit, which in turn would lead to severe restrictions on international trade.

The problem is a global one, not just one for the United States; indeed, the price and demand impacts of increased oil prices are proportionately greater for many other countries than they are for the US. But the US remains the most important national economy in the world, and its behavior profoundly affects the ability of the world economy to cope with the inflationary and contractionary pressures.

I see one possible way to deal with the two problems—a long shot, but one that might work. A similar suggestion has been made by George Perry of the Brookings Institution. It involves making the following social contract: the administration reverses its opposition to a reduction in taxes, to be concentrated on low- to middle-income earners, in exchange for an agreement by organized labor to moderate its wage claims and by big business and state and local government to settle within certain guidelines. The tax reduction could take many forms, such as a reduction in the payroll tax or an increase in the personal exemption. One device with attractive features would be to offer a tax *credit* of $200 to all taxpayers. This would amount to about $14 billion in lost income tax revenues, roughly equivalent to the $15 billion extra Americans will have to pay each year to their foreign oil suppliers. It would amount to four percent of the income of a taxpayer earning $5000; the percentage would be higher for those with lower incomes, and lower for those with higher incomes, thus giving proportionate concentration on low-income taxpayers. A reduction of one to two percent in the payroll tax would be even better from the viewpoint of tax structure, but that would be less heavily concentrated on low-income families.

In effect the social contract, taken in conjunction with "normal" and only modestly inflationary wage settlements would restore real *after tax* incomes to the wage-earner, and the federal government would borrow directly or indirectly from abroad to cover part of its expenditures. The first feature would help ward

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off future inflation, and the second would help ward off present recessionary tendencies. If necessary to persuade labor and Congress, the major tax reduction could be coupled with a tax increase on the profits of domestic producers of crude oil, offset in part by new subsidies to direct exploration and new drilling. But these would be peripheral features of the arrangement.

The attempt to negotiate such a social contract might not succeed in the present political climate. This may be one of the many areas in which a loss of presidential leadership has hurt the public weal. But it certainly cannot succeed if it is not tried. Perhaps President Ford can seize the initiative in this area while he enjoys extensive goodwill with Congress and the public. If such an initiative does succeed, it will save the country—and the world—from a lot of grief during the remainder of the decade.

The dangers of a world recession are not fanciful. In certain respects we are already in it, with the United States, Germany and Japan, the three largest market economies, each experiencing a major slowdown. Moreover there is a tendency of governments currently to underestimate the contractionary pressures, because they are not making allowance for deflationary actions by other countries. As noted above, the US government *should* run a deficit now; talk of the need for a balanced budget is dangerous nonsense. The Arabs stand ready to lend vast sums, and while business may be expected to borrow some, governments must borrow the rest. By leading to more moderate wage claims, moreover, the anti-recessionary course sketched here may also be the most effective program governments can now provide against future inflation. Organized labor should respond favorably to any such initiative by the administration, both to alleviate the unemployment that the alternative of prolonged recession would bring, and to mitigate the future inflationary pressures that hurt everybody.

Talks with Soviet Dissidents

Life Among the Refuseniks

by Herbert Gold

After eight days without food, the Sinologist Vitaly Rubin had an alert, rapid, feverish way of explaining things. "I am no parasite, what they call. I work at Hebrew University, only I am still in Moscow. I was summoned to KGB to fill out a form: *What is your workingplace?* and I answered: *Hebrew University.*"

Odd to discuss such matters with men deliberately starving themselves to death. "It is possible to live here," Vitaly Rubin was saying, "but not if you have any dignity. I am specialist in eighth and ninth century China." He was laughing a fierce, feverish little chuckle. "They say I might have secrets about China, and thus no visa. Perhaps Soviet Union is in struggle with Tang Dynasty, too?"

There were spongy swellings under the eyes of Vladimir Galatsky, the painter who had joined the group in this hunger strike of *otkazniki*, refuseniks, those whose requests for exit visas were rejected. David Azbel, the physicist, 64 years old and a veteran of the Stalin camps, was pacing up and down on the balcony outdoors, in the sub-zero temperature, battling with stomach cramps. The doctor said that Azbel was being poisoned by his own body, and would die if he did not take food. Galatsky's wife sat there with tears streaming down her face, and then rushed away without saying goodbye. Rubin went on explaining why they had persisted in the hunger strike, despite the fact that détente was on the mind of the press, not the plight of a few Jews who wanted to go to Israel.

Rubin had a bright, eager, cheerful, boyish manner. He made jokes. He is considered one of the world's great Sinologists. When he leaned toward me, there was a smell of acetone from his breath, the sweetish sick smell of a body consuming itself. "In other cases," he said, "Zola, others, writers attack injustice. But in this case, Solzhenitsyn. . . ." We were talking about *The Gulag Archipelago*. "In this case a writer demolishes the foundations of a government. Is it hopeless? No. Israel is an example of the spiritual revival of a people. Russia can do the same."

Perhaps he was back in the classroom. Perhaps I

HERBERT GOLD's *new novel,* Swiftie the Magician, *will be published in September.*

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look like a student. Perhaps starvation tended to make him want to say everything at once to the surprise visitor.

I kept seeing Azbel in the dark outside, pacing back and forth. I asked if he would come in and sit down. "No, no!" he said.

The doctor said, "He must eat. He *must.*"

Rubin looked about with his bright eyes. "Eight days. We are quick to quarrel. We are dear friends, but sometimes now we quarrel."

"I am less famous. Perhaps I am not known in the West," said Galatsky.

"My dear one!" cried Rubin. "None of us is known! Of course, we are also cut off, no telephones, no reporters, no mail."

"Then why are you doing this?"

Azbel's incessant pacing was distracting. He was in pain. He was a ghost—pale, silent, frowning.

"Some way they have to know. The right to emigrate is the definition of slave or not slave. We are kept prisoners, we are bartered. We are like dead souls. You still read Gogol in America?"

I have heard of *Dead Souls.*

The doctor went out to talk with Azbel, who was having trouble breathing. Those were not groans, but a rasping breath. Azbel continued tramping back and forth. He had spent many years in prisons and forced labor camps. He was a large, sloping man with a shock of gray hair under his karakul hat, pacing as if in a cell, thinking about freedom. The doctor, also a "refusenik"—his visa to Israel refused by Ovir, the Soviet agency that passes on Jewish emigration—wanted to give Azbel massage for the ache in his bones. I heard Azbel cry out again, "No, no!"

The doctor returned, saying, "With a scientific fast they could endure perhaps even 40 days, with enemas to eliminate poisons as the body eats itself. But they refuse."

Rubin was amused again. "What is scientific about this enterprise?"

The doctor shrugged. "He is shortening his? their? lives," he said. "Does anybody know in America?"

"I think telegrams have been sent," I said.

Rubin followed me to the door. "So glad you came to visit us," he said. "I hope to see you in Berkeley or Cambridge perhaps." He has invitations to teach in the States.

I walked off in the crisp, fresh snow with Vladimir Kozlovsky, scholar of the Sikh religion, compiler of slang dictionaries, and also apparently the possessor of secret information that makes the Soviet government reluctant to let him go. We were silent for a time. I tugged my new fur hat down over my ears. At last he said, "Too slow and painful for me. At my age"—he is 26—"well, I'd rather, despite your fuel shortage in America"—a sharp bark of laughter—"I am saving my gas to immolate myself in Red Square."

"One day's news," I warned him.

And we tramped through the snow toward the trolley. Slavery is yesterday's news.

From my window of the massive Hotel Rossiya I looked out over the snow falling on the onion domes of St. Basil's and tried to understand the interlocking varieties of dissent I had met in Moscow. There is a group typified by Vladimir Maximov, an eccentric novelist, Christian and mystic (I went to his farewell party as the state got shut of him by sending him to France in the wake of Solzhenitsyn); there are the friends of Solzhenitsyn, living in horror of a continuing history of oppression; there are the Sakharovs and the Medvedev brothers, scientists, humanists, looking for Soviet power to be translated into a decent life for Soviet people; and there are the Jews, whose long and difficult history in Russia and in the Soviet state has convinced thousands of them that it is not their job to make things better, to help Russia save its soul. They just want to go. They see themselves as Jews and Israelis, detained in exile.

Nevertheless as the evening wears on in any of their apartments, someone brings a tray with cheese, sausage, bread, cookies, tea. Sometimes there is samovar. There may be miniaturized recording devices in the ceilings; there are police tails awaiting me in the hall outside; but it's hospitality time once again, and Russian gaiety over a renewed small pleasure.

During my first few days visiting the refuseniks of Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, the constant surveillance unnerved me. But the freedom, even the occasional gaiety of these people, who in their desperation fear no more, is contagious. By the second week I was playing games with my chaperones. In Kiev outside the Hotel Moskva, I folded a piece of paper and dropped it into the filthiest trash can I could find on the wide Kreshtchatik Boulevard, and then turned to watch my police accompanist diving into the slime to retrieve the secret message. When I winked into the wintry face, the cop just quickly walked off. I was passed to another.

The Jews who wish to go to Israel live with this process in earnest. They live with the anti-Zionist campaign with its unmistakable traditional resonance. The experience of actually being watched, recorded and followed is a treatment for paranoia. It cures shyness. *We are the only free people here. We no longer care what they do to us.*

Of course they don't want to join those in prison camps and insane asylums, doing forced labor or receiving shock treatment. But they are determined. Some have time to learn Hebrew. Many even become religious. Almost all have time to make up jokes: "The price for a Jewish wife is going up. A non-Jew can only become a refusenik if there are Jews in his family."

The Soviet dilemma is extreme. To let the Jews go freely might mean a mass exodus. And yet they don't want a return to Stalin's cure of souls through mass

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concentration camps. So the solution is bureaucratic: to waffle. They let some go, they stop others. They hope to send away the most inciting, they hope to punish the most inciting. It varies from month to month, and even from town to town. They get rid of the troublemakers. They squash the troublemakers as an example. Both the letting-go and the tightening-up stimulate further applications, a combination of hope and desperation.

They have a problem. In theory they can allow the Jews to go to their homeland, Israel, without allowing others to leave because they can admit that Jews belong elsewhere. In practice it makes difficulties. It makes difficulties with the Arabs, with their own population, with détente, with their conception of the socialist paradise. Bureaucrats suffer, too, trying to live up to stale myths.

Vladimir Slepak lives with his family at 15 Gorki St., not far from Red Square and the bustling GUM department store, but he lives in partial isolation, his telephone disconnected, his steps followed, perhaps his conversations monitored at home. Once an engineer, now he has settled into another routine, days spent sitting at the table studying Hebrew, or talking with his friends, or occasionally setting out to visit friends or the police or the visa officials. "There are 40 Jewish prisoners in the camps, in prison because they want to go to Israel. If the situation is made normal," he says, "they should free the prisoners."

The limbo in which he waits makes him a prisoner too, of course. No job, and the threat of the charge of parasitism. Simple rights refused—telephone, mail. The right to know where he stands.

"The foolish period is past," he says. "This is the cynical period." He is eager to learn Hebrew and eager to meet his friends and eager to go to Israel, and this eagerness seems energetic and young after the moroseness of the streets of Moscow in midwinter. As a veteran refusenik he has been an example to others, such as two new ones, Alexander Goldfarb and Vladimir Kozlovsky, both young men in their 20s. Goldfarb is a microbiologist whose mother is an ophthalmologist, his father a distinguished geneticist who lost a leg at Stalingrad during the war. We talked with the help of the omnipresent child's toy, the wax slate on which one writes and then erases what you don't want the KGB to hear. We discussed things in a shorthand, cryptic, elliptic, and probably completely transparent manner, impatient with the slate, finally casting it aside.

Vladimir Kozlovsky, a former student of Eastern religions, now unemployed, speaks idiomatic American and is amusing himself by making dictionaries of Moscow argot. He also plays what he calls "Jewish roulette." He can't stay and he can't go. His parents won't sign permission for his visa, as if he were a minor. But he is in danger of being declared a parasite, since those who declare for Israel are fired from their jobs; yet he can get no job, because he has declared for Israel. So he waits. He wears an American button that says "I'm a litter bug," but he has doctored it so that it reads "I'm bugged."

He has the optimism of youth. On our way to visit Slepak, he remarked, "Many refusals this week. Maybe they are stockpiling them for a special shipment when Dr. Kissinger arrives."

Why have so many Jews been given their visas for Israel? The Soviet Union has signed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which includes the right of emigration, and acknowledges that Jews might think of Israel as their homeland. So many go. But the regime has apparently decided that it should also be very difficult for the educated class, and the doctrine of "military secrets" has been invoked to keep engineers, scientists, even a scholar of eighth and ninth century China like Vitaly Rubin. They want to milk these people, or to discourage them, or to make an example of them so others will not apply. "Military secrets" doesn't work with the former star of the Kirov Ballet, Valery Panov, but it would look bad for him to dance abroad, like Nureyev; it would encourage other artists. His pain discourages them. Since many Jews have non-Jewish wives or husbands, this can be used on occasion, as it was for a time with Panov, although his wife begged to go with him and he refused to leave without her. Sometimes people are refused and refused and then finally released as the Panovs ultimately were, as a gesture toward détente or simply because the cat is finished playing with the mouse. An impossible "education tax" is abruptly imposed, and then abruptly suspended, with no explanation. The plain fact is that the policy is confused. It even varies from city to city. The Soviet Union doesn't like its Jews, but it doesn't want them to leave. It wants them to give their talents, but it doesn't want to use them.

I asked why they consider every Jew a prisoner. Goldfarb explained patiently, as if I were a slow pupil: "Well, no, some are content to do their jobs—they don't see themselves as prisoners. A Jewish professional can work but he knows his son will have great difficulty. Jews are forbidden from most humanities faculties, which means the law, the arts, diplomacy, government—this wasn't true in the old days. The society changed its myth after World War II. Now we're not all just proletarians, all one class, one people. There is a national identity, very powerful. The USSR is a great imperial power. 'Russians defeated Germans,' said Stalin. There is a large state culture and some smack of national cultures. But the Jews are in a special position. No expression of Jewish heritage is allowed, except sometimes a little squeak for foreign consumption. The smallest Siberian tribe is given its books in its own language, theaters, newspapers, schools. Not the Jews. Jews find themselves in a strange

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position in a country with strong national allegiances and allowed none of their own. Just the word 'Jew' in the internal passport. So they moved to accept this nationality."

Slepak smiled in that hilariously suffering bright way of his. "Even very popular now. Good Christian atheist people take Jewish brides so perhaps to go to Israel." I had met intermarried couples from the Soviet Union in Israel, and remembered, nine years ago in Moscow, the composer and madrigalist Volkonsky, son of one of the classic White Russian noble families, who now has a Jewish wife and lives abroad.

The atmosphere at 15 Gorki St. is one of waiting. In a neat and shabby room people sit. Silences are not embarrassing; they are accustomed to silence. Someone interesting might come; something interesting might happen. The American stranger brings news, souvenirs, hopes, unjustified hopes, and ears. He listens. Since someone cares, they believe things might improve. Slepak remarks patiently, "A retired KGB man lives next door."

"What are your relations with him? He must know."

"Fine, fine. He's retired."

Reality paranoia has come out the other end. They didn't know whether they dared meet, where, how. They could always get a cab, even when other people on the street couldn't. A finger in the air, and the taxi slid up. "A dissident has no waiting," one remarked to me as the impassive, concrete-faced taxi driver opened the door for us. Where the paranoia has come out is at humor.

The taxi hummed in the silent snow of midnight. The driver's concrete cracked, he grinned, he asked, "Where?"

"First this American to his hotel, and then me to my room."

I asked a psychologist who sought me out in my room at the Hotel Rossiya in Moscow how he dared visit me. He shrugged. "What more can they find out?" And paused: "Perhaps you think . . . ?"

"No, I trust you," I said.

He explained about the tensions between the refuseniks and other outcasts. "There used to be a unity of the dissidents. Then the Jews pulled away—*krakk!*—because some of them could get out. It seemed the state recognized that they belonged in their own land and it was not Biro-Bidjan. It gave up trying to change what cannot be changed. Its desperation took another form. Now perhaps the groups come together again. Solzhenitsyn shows it is possible to get out safely, too, if the world pays attention. Sakharov shows that some Russians care about the Jews. So we all begin to have some hopes. Not to be allowed to emigrate—the Jews show us this—is serfdom, which Czar Alexander III was supposed to have abolished."

"A Jew used the word slavery to me. Forced labor, forced residence, no hope."

"Yes. They are right. I am so Russian. I am used to slavery and call it by the generous name, serfdom."

Boris Rubenstein of Leningrad, physicist, former senior scientist in a research institute, refusenik, has suffered wounds worse than those that put him in the hospital for six months during what the Soviet government calls the Great Patriotic War and for which he still receives a pension. When I visited him on a cold gray day in March, he accused no one. He simply described what had happened to him, leaning on his hands because he was unable to sit, walking a few excruciating, splay-footed steps, while his three-year-old daughter played "train" and "bridge" beneath the table on which his medicines sat. He has the esthetic, transparent look that a few men develop from suffering. His voice is mild and controlled.

Along with several other Jews he organized a demonstration. He informed the authorities; it was not illegal. However the demonstration did not take place. The others were threatened, or thrown into jail, or sent away. Although Rubenstein had been dismissed from his job, he could not be charged with "parasitism," because he was a pensioner by virtue of his combat injuries. Nevertheless he was called in for questioning. The officer asked him to sit in the chair. He asked a few inconsequential questions; nothing new. "Why should I want to leave the Soviet Union? Why Israel? Such old questions now. Nothing very original. Rather polite. Then the officer said he had to leave the room for a few minutes and would I keep my seat. He was gone about 10 minutes. Then he returned and said, 'It's useless talking to you. You may go.'"

Rubenstein paused a moment. He is a very mild-mannered man. "In the anteroom I began to feel, oh, very much a desire for a bath. . . ."

His friends took him home. The burning grew more and more intense. "A bubbling and a searing. I have no allergies. It seemed a chemical burning. The skin, the epidermis, the flesh beneath the skin. . . ." As we talked, his daughter played with her train. The tracks now ran around my chair. Bottles, salves, tubes stood on the table, along with gauze and tape. He was having difficulty in finding the words, and looked one up in his Russian-English dictionary: "Edema, edemas, you understand me?"

He was in the hospital for about two months. There were blisters about his thighs, his genitals. The doctors couldn't suggest a cause; they had never seen anything quite like this. In an infection, there are invasions of microbes that can be treated by antibiotics. In this case, a burning, a searing, a blistering, the infection was secondary. Now, four months later, he still hoped to heal, but there was so much destruction of tissue it was going very slowly.

"You may state the facts," he said. "I accuse no one." He smiled. "I have no allergies, I am not a nervous man. Nobody seems to know the cause. Nor do I. But I want to be a Jew. I am a Jew. I know more than ever

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that my place is in Israel."

In the quarrel between these refuseniks, Jewish serfs tied to a narrow space, and the great Soviet power machine, it has drawn late for compromise. Perhaps if the Soviet Union stopped playing with them, made clear its conditions, made clear what it intends, made clear how long a family must suffer before its "secrets" are obsolete, there could be some sort of security in the waiting. But instead they are pawns in games with the Arabs, with the West, with anti-Semites, with their own people; there are even power games going on between the police of the capital and the provincial cities where things seem to be easier.

Harassment and abuse have predictable results. People give up hope of reform by persuasion or by appeals for mercy. The refuseniks are mostly indifferent to the possibility of change in this Soviet world which nurtured them. They do not believe. They do not even very much care. After the camps and prisons, the insane asylums and the bureaucratic inquisitions, after the disappointments and cruelties, they have suffered too much even to value their own lives with the kind of egotism we accept as normal. A man who lost an arm at Kharkov to preserve the Soviet Union is willing to give up his life to leave the Soviet Union. If they do not commit suicide, it is because of that last flickering hope—*elsewhere,* to go elsewhere, to go to Israel. The light of life lies across the horizon in the promised land, and now I know the power of promises.

"Did you ever consider yourself a Soviet citizen?" I asked Vitaly Rubin on the eighth day of his hunger strike.

"Of course," he answered. "But life taught me differently. I am the citizen of a country I have never seen."

Gogol's *Dead Souls,* in which perished serfs were sold, traded and even taxed, is a contemporary metaphor for the Jewish souls that become both unemployable and chargeable with failure to work; rights disappear, but duties remain; they exist in Moscow, but live in Jerusalem. Alexander Luntz remarked, "It is not clear, of course. Perhaps they really want to send away the Jews. But to let them go without difficulties doesn't suit the system, either."

The difficulties are different for different people. Some are only harassed in the streets, beaten up, spat on. Others go away to prison or psychiatric wards. Electroshock, insulin shock, chemical shock have been used to "change their minds"—an atrocious pun under the circumstances. The Medvedev brothers have recorded their experiences. Gen. Grigorenko was sent to a mental hospital. This requires no judicial procedure under Soviet law, and so suits the case of Jews and dissenters. Since to disagree with the regime is madness, the average Soviet psychiatrist will certify the man who disagrees. At least one was himself certified for disagreeing with the definition of insanity. The procedures are exempt from legal action.

To vary things, "hooliganism" or "parasitism" or "economic crimes" can be arranged. It's difficult to make a gift to a refusenik, though the state's desire for hard currency is extreme and, with assiduous deduction, checks can be deposited. It is more difficult to open communication. Before the telephones were disconnected, they could speak with their friends. Now almost all the lines have been cut, with explanations such as "technical reasons" or "hooliganism" or "overloaded circuits." Some sympathizers abroad have suggested getting groups of people to call Soviet agencies, Amtorg, Aeroflot, or the consulates in New York, Washington and San Francisco, and keep them busy for technical reasons, asking answers to the question: Why remove the comfort of a telephone?

I spoke French with Alexander Luntz. Gray, weary, intensely narrow-faced, dark-eyed, he might play Yves in "The Life of Yves Montand" if he can't find suitable employment as a mathematician. Currently he works as a common laborer. Apparently a decision was made that he had state secrets, or scientific secrets, or some kind of secrets. "Why?" I asked.

"Why not?" he answered. "Why a football player, a metallurgy worker, a ballet dancer? Why not a mathematician? Of course, I do know enough about science to know there are no secrets—maybe that's a secret. Personally, I can't even *understand* secrets." He stopped fooling and the lean, tired face fell into its natural lines. "Bad will, Monsieur, is my opinion, and bad understanding. It is more important for a bureaucrat to say *Nyet,* otherwise he's just a secretary. And hostages are important, too—to make fear, which bureaucrats like, and to make a red light for others. I walk around, a living red light. The system needs oppression."

We talked on the street, in cars, in rooms. We knew we were being followed and overheard. He said nothing he couldn't bear the bureaucrats to know. And they knew anyway.

"How many refuseniks are there?"

He raised a humorous finger. That was counting, and his interest is in the higher mathematics. "Don't count refuseniks," he said, "count those who are refused and those who are afraid to apply—an X factor. The fact of asking for invitation to Israel is dangerous. So there are those who are afraid, or perhaps they are not afraid for themselves but for others. Oh, so complicated."

"The situation seems hard."

"In Moscow, very hard. In the provinces, a little better. They are not so concerned with 'anti-patriotic behavior. They don't talk so much about 'parasitism. And there are cases where a person can work until he leaves, with the dignity of his job, his friends. I've heard of that in Estonia."

It was as if the Soviet republic of Estonia is some

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sort of paradise.

Lydia Kornfeld's daughter, aged 10, was in the hospital with an attack of anxiety. She wrote a poem that was published in England; it was about her desire to live in the land of Israel. Most mail to the Kornfelds does not come through. But the anonymous death threat, signed Black September, saying that its long arm would find her, managed to reach the child. Lydia's husband, an engineer, now works as a laborer. Lydia, formerly an English interpreter, doesn't work, tries to keep her children calm, suffers from asthma, studies Hebrew.

"What reason to harass your daughter like this?"

"To let people know," she said. "This can happen to you, it can happen to children. Even our children have spent time in jail, since we were all picked up at demonstrations."

When I left her I was followed by a man in a canvas coat with a black fur collar and a matching black fur mustache, along with a blind man with yellow and white cane, which he tapped irregularly and unconvincingly. I decided this was to distract me from my real tail—a beautiful Italian-speaking dwarf. I began to understand a little of both the pressures the refuseniks live under and the humor they develop. They laugh when they speak of suffering, of death threats against their children. I imagine those who do not laugh do not survive.

My own tension is suddenly extreme. Valery Panov and his wife Galina are subject to special care by the KGB. I have their address. They have received word that I am coming. I give the cab driver an address adjacent to theirs, although it makes no difference really, and set out with the enforced calm I remember when going into combat.

The Panovs were spending their days and nights in a shabby, low-ceilinged two rooms on a high floor of a dark, massive apartment building in an outlying district of Leningrad. The walls are covered with pictures of dancers and performers, letters, telegrams, photographs, souvenirs, posters of their starring moments, diplomas, evidence of prizes and victories—the atmosphere of proud graduates and artists, still striving. There are lamps with painted shades. The round table pushed to the corner is covered with the debris of hospitality—bread, cheese, wine, cakes, glasses of tea. There is a photograph of Panov with his head shaved, dating from the time he was picked up and kept for 15 days in a cell with crippled prisoners, an interesting warning for a dancer. There is a photograph of Laurence Olivier, picketing on his behalf, and a telegram from Olivier, expressing love and admiration for a great dancer.

They have been expecting me and are immediately, with that familiar Russian hospitality, welcoming, excited, laughing, generous with food and drink, greedy for news of the world. I expected the vanity of performers, but instead found warm and easy good company, aside from the pathos of their luck, and spent the larger part of three days with them. They looked rather fit, despite winter pallor. They worked out together, Galina very serious in a heavy turtleneck sweater, her blond hair pasted to her head with exertion. She would giggle, run to wash, come back pink and glowing, and of course always with food.

When I pulled at the exercise bar attached to the wall, it rattled; I could almost pull it out. The ceiling was too low for any leaps. Panov shrugged. "Well, we stretch," he said. "We try. Of course we also lose some of our skills."

Galina talked about the irritable Soviet complaint that now they will let Panov go to Israel, but not her, because she is not Jewish and her mother refuses to give permission. "I am a grown woman! I have a husband! First she gave permission, then the police called her in, now she says she doesn't like Jews and I can't go. My poor mother, I cannot hate her for this."

The Panovs represent a special problem. Nureyev defected. If they let the Panovs leave, they imply that others can go. If they make it very difficult, if they torment and harass them, it discourages dancers and other artists. Families also can be useful. Panov's brother, a historian, no longer works in his field.

"My real name is Shulman, but I couldn't join the Kirov Ballet until I called myself Panov. I managed to change my passport from Jew to Russian. Many dancers are Jewish, but they don't admit it. Even ballet is ruled by politics here, though it seems far from ideology. I grew very tired of lies. Individuality is not required, not allowed. I even had political trouble over choreography—*political* trouble."

The hoarse, light voice of Charles Aznavour was singing on a record. I wanted to turn it down. Valery gracefully signaled that the tape spins in the ceiling; the record was to interfere with the sound of our voices. But he shrugged. No difference. "They must be bored with my story anyway," he remarked, and took the record off. "The director told me about my choreography: If you have such visions, forget them. Soviet art doesn't permit your visions."

Galina was leaning on Valery's shoulder in that tender, slightly stagey Russian way I had already noticed with the Slepaks. Valery touched her hand, and said very slowly, looking first to her and then to me and then back to his wife: "Galina is the real hero. I knew and studied to go to Israel, but she, a young ballerina, not even a Jew, made a choice to follow her husband. Or stay with her husband, if it be thus."

I asked about Boris Rubenstein. Yes, he knew. He was called in by the same office, and asked to sit in the same chair. *Take a seat, my dear Panov, we'll have a talk.* "I looked at him with my eyes and told him I knew. And his eyes told me that he knew I knew. I looked and he looked. And then I went like this"—a slight,

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courteous, elegant balletic bow—"and I sat in that chair." Panov smiled. "Nothing."

When I left late that afternoon, there was a wet snow falling on Leningrad, there were mists exhaling from the stony canals. On an impulse I visited the restoration of the house near the Winter Palace where Pushkin lived, and walked in the black slush along the canal where one of his heroines drowned herself for love, and watched the visitors with their guidebooks hurrying into the Hermitage. But I didn't go inside on this trip to Leningrad. I was passing my time thinking of the dead souls of Russian history and literature, and of the murdered and dying souls today, and of Panov saying, "For a long time they frightened me, but they can't frighten me anymore." The Panovs were allowed to leave the Soviet Union in June.

Ilya Goldenfeld, professor of physics, showed me his file of invitations to lecture in England, France, Jerusalem, Berkeley, Harvard—and Cairo. He can't go anyplace now. His daughter, pretty, blond, 16 years old, explains: "We are Jew and we want to be Jew."

Prof. Goldenfeld, a short, white-haired, chunky man, repeated the familiar consolation: "We are free men in Russia, because we do what we want, we meet with foreigners, we no longer even work." But of course this is irony. Spinoza said that human bondage consists in not knowing the limits of possibility, not knowing what is allowed. These Jews who smile ironically—spat on in the streets, jobless, stricken—are not free. Professors, scientists, doctors, engineers are now "lift boys," as one put it. They are riding elevators to nowhere.

To explain how they feel, Prof. Goldenfeld took me on a few visits. Babi Yar, where 100,000 or more died, is a barren park. Too many Jews died here, so it is not yet celebrated with a monument. There is a stone to indicate that there will be some sort of statement when the time is ripe.

Not far from the pits of Babi Yar is a desecrated, bulldozed Jewish cemetery. There were smashed columns, gaping holes filled with brackish ice where coffins had been. Those ancestors who were not in Babi Yar had been here. We walked, crackling twigs, breaking ice, getting muddy. My friend's daughter was weeping. There had been no reason to destroy this relic of the ancient Jewish presence in Kiev, but nevertheless one night about a year ago the bulldozers had come to do it, and the job had been done before anyone could wake up to protest, and the official story is that a sports field was needed in this place. We sloshed about, breaking the underbrush, stumbling on the fallen stones half-buried in snow. Mausoleums were cracked and gaping, monuments toppled, and the wreckage remained, saying what it said to the people of Kiev—broken and insulted six-pointed stars. "Chepoxa. Glupost." My halting Russian: *Foolishness, stupidity.* "To be Jew," said the pretty blond girl, "is asking too much?"

Of course, Jews do not worship the stones laid for the dead. But the desecration is real anyway.

"A sports field they said when they did it. They haven't even built the sports field."

But perhaps most chilling was a visit to the synagogue in the Podol quarter of Kiev. The old wooden building is painted and gilded inside; there is an appropriate Byzantine influence. There is no longer a rabbi for the 350,000 Jews of Kiev, but a coven of old men was making matzos in a bakery behind the synagogue. My arrival caused a great bustle. Lights were turned on; rows of bulbs flashed above the tabernacle; the synagogue was, you might say, activated. The oldsters tottered around me, pulling at my arm. "New York? Chicago? Los Angeles?" one asked, exercising his repertory of English. "See matzos? buy matzos? give something?"

"Is everything all right?" I asked him in Russian.

He answered in English, this man with staring exhausted pale blue eyes, red and white at the rims, eyes of cupidity and disaster. "Oh wonderful, wonderful, wonderful, we are so happy," he said.

My friends had refused to come into the synagogue with me. For them it was almost like KGB headquarters. The man who took me there was ashamed and silent. "I said they are bad," he said at last. "No. They are only old and full of fear."

"Is there any community here?"

"We study. We make minyans in houses, that's all. No rabbi, but nevertheless, we invent a Jewish life, and our children do it even better than we do, since they have learned earlier." The flashing look of rage and defiance on the face of the mild, chunky, pink-faced professor reminded me of something, and after a moment I remembered. It was the elegant flashing face of the ballet dancer in Leningrad, as he described sitting down to KGB order in the chair in which Boris Rubenstein had sat. *Take a seat, my dear Panov, we'll have a talk.*

On my last evening in Kiev, last evening in the Soviet Union, I went to the Philharmonia Hall, an elegant little jewelbox theater hung with satin, to hear the Chamber Orchestra of Moscow play Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." The sweet faces of Ukrainian music lovers swayed and dozed with rapt expressions to the violins and cellos of Glickman, Schildkraut, Levin. As luck would have it, I met the 19-year-old daughter of another refused scientist in the lobby. "Oh I love it, I am drunk with it," she said about the music.

"Will you be sad to leave Kiev?"

She laughed. "Why not come as tourist someday, as you, to visit this beautiful foreign country?"

We walked together up the Kreshchatik. She showed me the modest house that bore a plaque: "Here Lived Sholem Aleichem." "It used to say 'Jewish Writer,'" she said. "You see that blank space? They changed the inscription."

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Bergman on Bergman translated by Paul Britten Austin

(Simon & Schuster; $9.95)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz

(Paramount)

Ingmar Bergman is probably the second most-interviewed director in history. (The first is surely Godard, but he may be losing the title.) Some of the interviews have been exercises in evasion; some have been long concealments of irritation—mostly at himself for consenting to be interviewed but also at questioners who think artists are obligated to explain their work; some, even though they contain elements of the above, have been enlightening. Now we get by far the best of the lot, a book-length series of 10 interviews called *Bergman on Bergman*. These are the best for a banally simple reason: the three men who conducted all the interviews are Swedes—Swedish filmmakers and critics. Stig Björkman, Torsten Manns and Jonas Sima not only know Bergman's work thoroughly (which has been true of other interviewers), they also know his language, his culture, his social environment and the people in and around his career. And though Bergman speaks pretty good English, he can luxuriate in his own language.

The talks were held on various dates between June 1968 and April 1970. The plan, generally but not rigidly followed, was to trace his life, treating his career as it developed and each of the 40 pictures up to 1970 as he came to it. Over the many months Bergman likes and dislikes his interviewers, argues and agrees with them, and often broaches subjects himself. Out of all this interplay some basic themes are developed, not always by design.

First, like many artists, he dislikes esthetic pronouncements ("My basic view of things is—not to have any basic view of things"), but, also like many artists, if he talks long enough some generalized aims emerge.

> *If one can get ordinary people to shut their mouths for a minute after the curtain has fallen, or get ordinary folk to make themselves a sandwich and sit together and have a chat in the kitchen for five minutes after seeing a film . . . All that matters to me is to influence people, get into contact with them, drive a wedge into people's indifference or passivity.*

At one point the interviewers lead him even deeper, thus into greater ambiguity:

> *Afterwards, in manufacturing the artistic product, one does one's utmost—often quite helplessly—to find out what it was one really meant. This purposeless game which is so serious . . . is something one becomes more and more conscious of, I think, as the years go by. It would be crazy not to bear this constantly in mind, I think: that it's all just a game; that one is in the privileged position of being allowed to ritualize a lot of tensions and complications within and around oneself.*

This last comment leads to the second theme: a (let's call it) Strindbergian quality of Bergman's work. He constantly reiterates the relation between his personal life and his work, even the influence of where he lives. When he moved to a villa in a wealthy section, he felt the move change the film he was making. To Bergman, as to his master Strindberg, this life-work relation does not mean the merely diaristic or the fashionably "confessional": it means the self as the cosmos, just as the atom is the solar system in miniature. It is the best kind of latter-day romanticism, with the self as agonist, not as idol.

Next he tells us about the symbiotic aspects of his film and theater work, a relation that has largely been ignored outside Sweden. (Note the quotation above where he talks about influencing people after a play *or* a film.) On occasion the relation has been quite conscious, even deliberate. *Through a Glass Darkly* was "influenced, I think, by my production of *The Seagull* at the Royal Dramatic Theater." And this man who has made some of the best films in existence says:

> *Film isn't so difficult. Theater is much harder. A film is a once-and-for-all product. Theater's a repetitive art . . . [the director's] difficulties are much greater in the theater than in films.*

Bergman's double career guides the double careers of many of his actors who have worked with him for years in both arts. Over and over he talks about actors, how he has learned from them and about them: and this fine artist states in one crystalline no-nonsense passage what he sees as his function with them:

> *Yes, actors like working with me and it's easy to explain. As a professional I've devoted all my time to learning how an actor functions, how to get the best results out of him. Since the actor is my chief instrument I have to learn how to collaborate one hundred percent, and that's something I've gradually figured out. They know they'll get all the service, the stimulation and technical assistance they need.*

They *must* know it: the results speak for themselves, even in his lesser films. But like every good director of actors, he knows they can sometimes supply what he didn't even know he was looking for, that acting is a creative as well as an interpretative art.

In its circuitous yet concentric way *Bergman on Bergman* gives us an important artist telling us more than he perhaps wants to, more than he knew he could tell. For his admirers the book is essential; for anyone interested in art,

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Chinatown. The subject *and* the style are Hollywood '30s. Roman Polanski's *Maltese Falcon,* too aware of it and too long, but exceptional.

Claudine. Only a pleasant romantic comedy. (*Only*???) Set in Harlem. James Earl Jones and Diahann Carroll dispense charm charmingly.

Going Places. Outrage as linguistics. French youth of the '70s. Well made, sexy, scary, funny, valid.

The Seduction of Mimi. Mimi is a he; Lina Wertmuller, the director-writer, is Italian. Fine stylized leading performance by Giancarlo Giannini in a comic ragout of politics-crime-sex.

SK

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Youth Deferred

Youth: Transition to Adulthood
by James Coleman

(University of Chicago Press; $8.95 text ed., $1.95 paper)

Peter Pan ought to have traveled on an American passport, for in our booster moods we have thought that the rising generation would in its innocence redeem us. We have also, in more anxious moments, viewed youthful energy as a threat. It seldom occurs to us that concepts such as "childhood," "adolescence" and "youth" are products of historical circumstance and not universal truths about the human condition in every time and place. In an earlier America children were thought of as adults in miniature. Then, becoming more aware of youth's special needs, we developed a body of thought to account for their peculiarities and set up special institutions in which to care for them.

Two important facts about modern youth separate us from the once-upon-a-time. The first is the economic irrelevance of children. Far from being the assets they once were in the agricultural and industrial past, the young are now economic liabilities or luxuries. The second fact is a result of the way we have responded to the recognition that childhood has distinct needs: increasingly, the young have been spending more and more time in institutional settings. The once direct and often brutal initiation of the young into the world of work, reality and grown-ups is no more. Along with our other ghettos we have created age ghettos, so that few young people get a chance to observe what it is like to raise children, do productive work or grow old.

Schools were designed by 19th-century reformers to mediate between older values and the consequences of economic and technological change. Like prisons, hospitals, asylums and reformatories, schools were meant to shore up what were conceived to be eroding institutions—the family, the village community, the church. But one generation's institutional responses to social problems have become part of the problem for a later generation.

As institutions for the young proliferated, certain ideas about education began to change. In the 19th century, before faith in education reached its utopian zenith, most people had understood that education was not limited to formal instruction in specialized institutions, that it was a lifelong process in which adults as well as the young participated. Its sphere encompassed workshops, libraries, working men's clubs, chautauqua camps, lyceums, newspapers, jury rooms. The Populists were characteristically American in believing that they could turn the political process itself into a kind of educational forum. Then, as formal education spread and consolidated itself into a system, these informal institutions of learning shrank in significance; "education" came to mean what went on in schools. Today, with criticism of formal schooling on the rise, interest has revived in the older, broader view of education as something that takes place in many settings over a lifetime. All these themes—the loss of a productive role for the young, their isolation in specialized educational institutions, and the quest for informal alternatives—are reflected in a fascinating recent report of the panel on youth of the President's science advisory committee; the guiding spirit behind it—whose intellectual influence is plain—is the group's chairman, sociologist James Coleman.

The main point of *Youth: Transition to Adulthood* is that it is unhealthy to cluster the young for so long in the bureaucratic institutions called schools, for by so doing we cut them off from experiences they need in order to become responsible adults. Since the report defines "youth" as the period between 14 and 24 it includes colleges as well as high schools in its indictment of formal institutions of learning. So long as schools and colleges were only *part* of youth's existence, their academic emphases were not so harmful; now that they are the main places for young people to be, their preoccupations have imbalanced the whole business of growing up. Both in formal classes and in informal gatherings after school, students are thrown together with others their same age. But neither classrooms nor the peer culture do much to encourage the young to take initiative or to exert authority. The report envisages much broader experiences:

> *This involves . . . either responsibility for his own welfare, or responsibility for others' welfare; it involves orientation to productive and responsible tasks; where it involves learning, it is learning through action and experience, not by being taught. Most of the proposed institutional structures also are designed to reduce the isolation of youth (14 to 24) from adults and from the productive tasks of society. This is intended to bring about a greater degree of personal responsibility of adults for the development of youth and to remove youth from some of the isolation that impedes the transition to adulthood.*

The isolated, age-graded school has been convenient for professional educators, for it is relatively easy to organize and administer and offsets the traditional Darwinian advantage the large have over the small. Yet the critics are right to say that in most conventional age-graded classrooms the range of roles and activities is far too narrow; age is a grossly unreliable guide to extraordinarily diverse rates of physical, social and mental development. Critics are also right to say that formal schooling organized into age groups denies students valuable contacts with people of other ages.

Fortunately we are at a turning point and can take time to reflect. Educators face a demographic moratorium during which the numbers of the young to be educated will remain constant. This is quite a change from the baby boom period from the 1940s through the 1960s, which put great strains on educational institutions. Between 1960 and 1970 the proportion of the population between 14 and 24 jumped from 15 to 20 percent; in absolute numbers, the young increased by 50 percent, from 27 million to 42 million. But that extraordinary rise reached its peak in 1971. The decline in the birth rate means the ratio of young to mature will go down, first gradually, then rapidly. For the next five years, an annual wave of about a million highly educated workers will wash into the labor force—perhaps with turbulent consequences. The economy rather than the educational system and the army will now be contending with the children of the boom.

How shall we use the opportunities presented by this moratorium? In all probability there will be three sorts of responses. One will be to cut budgets: the powerful force of inertia will prompt many educators to continue the school

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business as usual, but on a suitably reduced scale. Another will be to take advantage of the respite from the dizzy spiral of expansion and to try to move schools from the quantitative and managerial concerns of the past and the present to new, qualitative concerns for diversity, individuality and pluralism. A third will be to explore new realms of informal education outside schools.

Youth is on the side of the second two responses, especially the third. It makes a number of good suggestions. Within schools it favors more opportunities for older students to rub up against younger children, especially the very young. Too few young people, the report says, are prepared for childrearing. It would like more specialized schools in fields like art, drama and science, so that students can commit themselves to one vital realm. It wisely reverses the conventional orthodoxy that bigger is better, urging smaller schools and the breaking down of hulking buildings that now predominate into humanly manageable units.

Yet *Youth*'s agenda for the schools is limited. Its emphasis is on alternatives for growing up outside the walls of formal institutions. To this grand end, it envisions a number of modest pilot experiments to develop special youth organizations and youth communities run by young people. It proposes lifting restraints on work for young people and the testing of a dual minimum wage for working adults and youth. It suggests a voucher experiment allowing students at age 16 to choose between more formal education or job training. It recommends opportunities for 16-year-olds and above to do public service work.

One can be against some of these proposals in principle and still see merit in small-scale demonstrations. For example I oppose a general dual minimum wage for teenage and adult workers, for in a time of serious under- and unemployment it might well reduce the number of jobs for adults; in any case it is unfair to the young (the parallel with the degrading dual wage system for women seems obvious). Yet I can imagine experiments that would explore job training and education for young workers, paying them something less than the prevailing minimum wage. Their value would, of course, depend on how useful the training or educational benefits proved to be.

Similarly I would on principle oppose widespread adoption of educational vouchers, which seem to me an abdica-

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tion of our communal responsibility for education. Vouchers pose a real threat to professional structures of protection, to the support and autonomy that classroom teachers ought to and seldom do have. Even the most socially conscious voucher schemes, bristling with theoretical safeguards for the poor and minorities, run a practical risk of tipping society's balance even farther in favor of the better-off and the better-informed. They do not take into account the fact that the sum of all private decisions in the market is greater than its individual parts: this sum is a social system, in which disparities in wealth reinforce the position of the powerful and the privileged in a cumulative and dynamic way. Vouchers pose particular risks in a society divided by race and ethnicity, as well as by social class.

All this being said, it seems to me mistaken for opponents of voucher schemes to resist small-scale experiments under carefully controlled public auspices. Vouchers *could* be one mechanism for achieving wider choices in public education. I suspect, however, that if conscientious voucher reformers were given a wholly free hand, they would find themselves reinventing many of the familiar administrative structures of school systems, although one would hope on a more modest scale. It makes a big difference whether vouchers are conceived of as offering parents choices within a public school system whose officials are vested with authority to supervise, set standards, support and protect professional rights, enforce desegregation—or whether vouchers are thought of as a fundamental organizing principle of a privatized school system. From what I understand of California's Alum Rock experiment, it is the former: a plan carefully monitored by responsible officials and school professionals. At any rate, Alum Rock seems more promising than *Youth*'s proposal for vouchers for job training—a particularly pallid notion in the lurid light of the uselessness and corruption of many of the job-training swindles now being peddled by the private sector. But even here, we can't afford to reject a small-scale voucher scheme that incorporates honest job training alternatives into its framework. (Two members of *Youth*'s panel, Robert Bremner and John B. Davis, share my doubts about the dual minimum wage and vouchers in brief dissents from the majority report.)

Youth questions two assumptions that have long prevailed in education. One is that more and more schooling is necessary because society is more complex. The other is that more education automatically increases opportunities and enhances the personal development of the young. The report's greatest strength is its clear perception of the historical and social forces that have led to the segregation of the young in formal institutions. Growing wealth and leisure (widely shared, however unequally distributed) have changed family values about the benefits of full-time work for the young. Parents do not want their children to be exploited; adult workers do not want youth competing in the labor market. Child labor and compulsory attendance laws are on the books. Professionalization and bureaucratization of the schools has resulted in elaborate rationales for narrowing the range of human contacts for the young.

Youth opens a new round in a controversy that has been going on since the 1890s over the proper role of the high school. Out of debates between academic traditionalists and the proponents of "social efficiency" and "life adjustment" emerged the compromise known as the comprehensive high school, which tried to offer something for everybody. (Contrary to professed intent, the high school has not been notably successful in promoting social mobility for the poor; it has been an avenue up for many, but it has favored the children of the middle class.) A consensus was reached: everybody should go to high school; the college-bound should take academic courses, while courses for those not going further should include more practical instruction. Courses in driver training and beauty aids attracted the sophisticated derision of the newly emerging university elites in the 1950s and there was some validity to their criticism. Yet "life adjustment" was a response to the inadequacy of older academic ideals when confronted with mass education. It *did* try to introduce the young to adult roles, though it thought of them mainly as future consumers. It was also profoundly anti-intellectual. Its underlying assumption seemed to be that the masses were ineducable, incapable of handling anything more than a curriculum based on secondhand versions of somebody else's practicality.

Well, if you wait long enough, the same idea gets repeated in a new context, because the dilemmas are enduring. "Life adjustment" reflected a genuine insight that the academic curriculum of the schools did not meet the full range of the needs of the young. But the progressive educators thought that a curriculum inside the walls of the schools could somehow become "relevant," could do justice to the realities of the outside world. And so they put an enormous burden on formal education, too much, as the authors of *Youth* are aware. Earlier debates on the role of the high school were between supporters of college preparation on the one side and "educators"—professors of education and school administrators—on the other. Now our official spokesmen on matters educational tend to be university academics: scientists and social scientists. *Youth*'s panel, for example, consists largely of sociologists, economists and historians. There is one school administrator and—an older and sadder story in these educational debates—no practitioners. One can welcome more scientific knowledge about the muddled realm of education, without applauding this current preponderance of social scientists in discussions of educational policy. For although we need to know a great deal more about schools, it is precisely the basic depth of our ignorance that makes it unwise to attach lasting significance

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to the products of researchers who are groping around in darkness. Regrettably the new spokesmen, like the old, ignore the realm of day to day educational practice.

It is intriguing to recall that in 1961 James Coleman published a study called *The Adolescent Society*, in which he argued that it was unfortunate that peer groups had become a central part of the adolescent experience, unfortunate because the teenage quest for status and popularity among peers was undermining youth's commitment to academic success. To restore the primacy of brains and grades, Coleman proposed interscholastic intellectual competitions along the lines of competitive school athletics. He was then very much a New Man of the emerging academic order, scowling at youth's earnest pursuit of loyalty, friendship and romance. But for all his methodological sophistication, Coleman was naive in imagining that academic contests could take the place of football or basketball or love, and practitioners and laymen may be allowed a smile as they imagine what the authors of *Youth* might now be saying if Coleman's 1961 position had been vigorously implemented over the last decade. The earlier argument has been completely reversed. *Youth* takes it for granted that schools and colleges are doing a satisfactory job with academic subjects, that they are stretching students' minds and meeting their intellectual needs. I wonder. Does the neglect of the life of the mind Coleman saw in high schools at the beginning of the 1960s no longer exist? I'm afraid it does, and the neglect stems in part from sources Coleman diagnosed earlier: the uneasy standing of intellectual values in American life, which has been reinforced in recent years by neo-Populist and countercultural attacks on academic and intellectual legitimacy. It also stems from the malaise of many of the university disciplines, which have failed to work out a plausible and vital connection to the realm of education. History, mathematics, foreign languages, science, art and literature are not flourishing in many of our high schools and colleges; the intellectual disciplines need all the help and support they can get—in traditional and in experimental forms.

I am not saying this to tie a tin can to Coleman's tail. There is a warning here to us all concerning the faddish quality of our debates and a caution that it might not be such a bad idea to main-

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tain something of a divorce between social science research and social policy—a benign chasm, you might call it. Ultimately social science may help guide us to wise policies, but in the short run social scientists in policy realms often act like the clever man in the Isaac Bashevis Singer short story who set out to impress some villagers with his learning. First he propounded 10 absolutely unanswerable questions to his wondering audience. Then he proceeded to answer each of them fully. And for a triumphant finale, he demonstrated that they were not questions at all. The villagers, Singer reports, were astounded.

In the early '60s Coleman stated the perennial view of many adults: the rising generation is going to the dogs. Others said: well if that's true it isn't youth's fault. There were those who held to the sacredness of that vision of youth first articulated by figures like Randolph Bourne on the eve of World War I: the young were victims of adult corruption; they were also potential saviors, the harbingers of a new culture. In *Growing Up Absurd* (1960) Paul Goodman emerged as the earliest and most attractive of these youth prophets. "My purpose," Goodman wrote, "is . . . to show how it is desperately hard these days for an average child to grow up to be a man, for our present organized system of society does not want men." Goodman argued that shabby jobs, rotten politics and the atmosphere of mindless consumption were making it impossible to find arenas in which the young could develop a sense of honor, commitment or responsibility. In 1962 Edgar Z. Friedenberg's *The Vanishing Adolescent* attacked the same issues from a similar perspective. Friedenberg was much influenced by Erik Erikson's notion that adolescence should be a time of self-exploration, free from the necessities that bind adult existence. He did not deny that the stage of youth was being prolonged—that more of the young were doing more time in schools—but he argued that youth's efforts at exploration were crippled by adult manipulation. Adolescence as a time for an often stormy quest for identity was disappearing in America, because adults insisted on confining the young in schools. The old painful and valid adolescent search for honesty and personal value was being replaced by a bland acquiescence in the school regime.

All parties to this controversy built their arguments on the quicksand of nostalgia. Goodman had his private past: Huck Finn and Jim delighting in radiant idleness on the raft, the incidental learning of children from adults in shady village workshops, the streetwise camaraderie of big-city urchins. Friedenberg's ideal of fulfilled adolescent individuality drew selectively on images of *Sturm und Drang* and on heroic individual authenticity from the era of what David Riesman and his colleagues called "inner direction." Coleman too seemed to see the destruction of a natural and harmonious way of growing up. But as the excellent historical chapters of *Youth* now point out, we should be wary of positing a Golden Age of youthful freedom or intergenerational harmony. There is no evidence it ever existed.

For a time the youth prophets held the floor; many otherwise intelligent people believed the young were leading us toward a New Jerusalem. (See *The Greening of America.*) We were handed a mystique of identity—identity being something the elect (young people) arrived at by a momentary conversion, rather than something we all search for more or less unsuccessfully over a lifetime. This mystique only revealed the enduring hold of evangelical and romantic modes of thinking on American conceptions of adolescence. Whatever had been valid in Erikson's original sketchy discussion of youthful identity oozed into cant. Friedenberg's defense of elite youth's aristocratic values and rebellions turned more and more into a Menckenesque assault on the grown-up masses as a contemptible booboisie. Goodman was better prepared for the failure of the young to save society. In a sense he had been enrolled on the side of defeat from the start, for he had inherited the anarchist's lonely devotional task of writing the epitaphs for failed revolutions. His illusions about the young were in the end balanced by his Aristotelian sense of proportion, his common decency and his respect for intellectual tradition, discipline and professional standards.

Like the civil rights, antiwar and ecology movements that nourished it and gave it a good deal of its force, the spirit of youthful protest was attacking much that needed attacking. But America's quest for innocence and salvation seemed much too heavy a burden to lay on the shoulders of those under 25. In its late stages, the youth rebellion developed forms of corruption that mirrored the culture it was supposedly rebelling against: disdain for rational authority, drugs, contempt for law, a susceptibility to commercial exploitation, a penchant for violence. The notion that one's chronological age was evidence of either superior values or redeeming grace seemed less and less defensible. If youth turned out to be a mixed bag, grown-ups themselves turned out not to be a wholly malign species.

Still, to judge by *Youth*'s message, the radical youth prophets have made an impact on the conventional wisdom, an influence similar to that of child-centered pedagogy on Charles Silberman's Carnegie report, *Crisis in the Classroom* (1970). *Youth*'s vision is more balanced than Coleman's earlier schoolmarmish condemnation. The political stance of the young, it says, is "warm-hearted, sympathetic, and open . . .[it] focuses on certain principles like equal opportunity and civil rights, but ignores others, such as honesty, reward for merit, and the rule of law." Coleman, one judges, is now persuaded of *part* of what Goodman and Co. were saying: the path to adulthood is blocked not by the low status of academic grades but by the limited quality of experiences and human contacts schools offer students.

Another point of agreement between both youth prophets and *Youth* is the assumption that there is an entity called the youth culture. Goodman and Co. exalted its virtues and blamed adults for corrupting it. Coleman and his colleagues stress its pathological isolation from worthy grown-ups. Granted that the young are inward-looking, absorbed in themselves and youthful interests. Granted that they share certain media tastes and styles of consumption. But is there a deviant youth culture? Or do the young of various classes and groups also derive important values from their parents and adult institutions? There is as much evidence for the latter as the former. If the lives of youths and grown-ups are interwoven within the same social fabric, both parties to the debate have been oversimplifying; virtue and vice and their corresponding values and attitudes are not the exclusive property of any one generation. And so the tasks of education become more complicated than simply introducing the young to a healthy, educative world of adulthood that is waiting for them outside the walls of the schools.

Joseph Featherstone

This is the first of two essay-reviews of Youth: Transition to Adulthood.

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Humanizing a Poet

Letters of Hart Crane and His Family edited by Thomas S. W. Lewis

(Columbia University Press; $20)

Hart Crane was hardly dead before the legend of his life was established by Philip Horton. Crane, youthful, rebellious, dionysian poet, was tormented by drunkenness and homosexuality and finally driven to suicide by his multiple despairs. Not since Poe had America had such a perfect romantic poet. Horton's documentation was continued by Brom Weber in a critical biography and an edition of Crane's letters and completed (it seemed) in John Unterecker's recent massive biography of Crane. But there was still more, as this new, vast collection of letters between Hart Crane and his family reveals. Whatever the ultimate critical value of these letters may turn out to be, they have been thoughtfully, intelligently and helpfully edited and commented upon by Thomas S. W Lewis.

I come away from a reading of this long collection of somewhat dull, often trivial family letters with mixed feelings, caused by their nature. They begin in 1910 when 11-year-old Hart Crane writes a letter to his father and end in 1932 shortly before his suicide with a letter from Mexico to his stepmother. In between the letters chronicle the ordinary, mundane, usually superficial personal details of the lives of the Crane family and various relatives and friends. They reveal almost nothing of Crane's troubled inner personal life; nor, for that matter, do they tell us much of the inner lives of his mother, father and grandmother.

The relationship between the four is revealed by their letters in a curiously guarded and flat way. However confused and tormented Crane was about his drinking, his poetry, his sexual life, until the very end he was always very thoughtful, dutiful, clearheaded and sane in his dealings with his family. His letters to them are remarkable for their clarity, solicitude and reticence, the letters (at least) of a devoted, dutiful son and grandson. Those he received are from a passionately devoted, if somewhat neurotic mother, a loving, doting grandmother, and a confused, not terribly verbal, but devoted and understanding father.

Hart Crane Charles Wells

Both ways, then, the letters document a set of typical, ordinary family relationships, revealing so little from the deep inward, secret and private parts of these selves that one can hardly believe them; they could have been published in the daily newspaper. They tell us a great deal about how much is never revealed in the conduct of family affairs – that realm of ultimate concealment. Who tells his secret and most private things to his mother, father, grandmother or son? What we find is determined by the relationships out of which they came.

Aside from these the recurrent concerns of the letters are money – above all money – and Crane's constant change of jobs; a place to live (Crane was always moving); friendship and social life (he had remarkably loyal friends); the pleasures and troubles of various human relationships; health; and his reputation as a poet. The letters tell us almost nothing about Crane the poet, his poetry, how he came to be a poet or why he wrote the kind of poetry he did. They reveal none of the obvious precociousness (verbal or otherwise) and they tell us very little of the heroic but finally destructive way Crane, from his late teens on, went about becoming and being a poet.

The letters deromanticize the legendary poet. They show us that much of the life of a remarkable poet like Crane is ordinary, trivial and dull. Like most of us Crane was always in need of cash, always in debt. He found routine jobs boring and finally a threat to his inner being as a poet. He was always in search of an ideal place to live and work. He needed his mama and his papa, even though he fought with both of them. He needed love and friendship, he suffered from hay fever, assorted other allergies, insomnia, and petty worries of all kinds. He suffered from rural dreams and city ecstasy. He repeatedly went to pieces and put himself back together again. And like all of us he had a great capacity for dullness.

Year after year these letters reveal a Hart Crane who was not remarkable in any way, who did not even write very distinguished or interesting prose, who

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had almost no profound thoughts on any subject, and in his letters provided us with very little to be interested in. There is almost no playfulness of any kind, either in the language or in the activity of the mind. As his whole life may be said to have been devoted to becoming and being a poet, so, it seems, all of his creativity and genius was concentrated in his poetry. Certainly nobody could expect "The Bridge" from the letters Crane wrote to his family. The almost total separation between Hart Crane the poet and Harold Hart Crane the son and grandson is one of the most remarkable revelations of these letters.

What is one to make of this fact? Very little it seems. The poet humanized is the poet humanized. Crane the poet was obviously a genius. These letters do not tell us anything about this, about how or why it came to be. Just as the terrifying details and patterns of Crane's life as a whole take on a legendary power of their own, yet are somehow irrelevant to and never able to explain the power and genius of his poetry, so also these ordinary details of his family relationships. But all is not lost. What these letters give us is another Crane: the ordinary son and grandson. Welcome, brother.

William Rueckert

William Rueckert, *author of several books on Kenneth Burke, is chairman of the English department, SUNY at Geneseo.*

Formidable Commentator

The Infernal Grove: Chronicles of Wasted Time, 2 by Malcolm Muggeridge

(Morrow; $7.95)

If suffering fools gladly is to be one of the norms on Judgment Day, Malcolm Muggeridge will have much to answer for in his life and in his writings, most notably in this fascinating autobiography, now grown to two volumes. Publishers and journalists, viceroys and their underlings, politicians and generals, undercover agents and their hired spies, liberating armies and their collaborators—one by one they pass before the memoirist's critical gaze and their absurdities live again—not least of all the author's own.

There is Lord Beaverbrook dictating the policy of the *Evening Standard* one day and taking comfort from its confirmation of his beliefs the next. And Lord Willingdon, third last viceroy, assuring Muggeridge that there was no country in the world so easy to govern as India. And Sir Stuart Menzies, wartime head of the Secret Service, with his invariable code designation "C" and the little blue light outside his office that Muggeridge characteristically associates with the red light of a brothel. And through it all, there is Muggeridge himself, striking poses, taking pleasure in small triumphs, but more and more disillusioned with both the realities and the promises of 20th-century life.

Most of the book is taken up with an account of the war years. Having lived in Russia and become convinced that insofar as *that* future worked at all it did so only at the expense of truth and justice, Muggeridge found little reassurance in the crusading rhetoric of the allies. Behind the villainous Hitler stood the tyrannical Stalin, and he was on our side. Still, like the rest of his countrymen, Muggeridge went off to war, "ultimately, I suppose, because I wanted to get away on my own, and behave as I liked. Something that wars make permissible, practicable and even praiseworthy." But irony dogged him even there, and he ended up in Lourenço Marques, ostensibly as vice consul but actually as an agent of British Intelligence, charged with keeping an eye on his German and Italian counterparts and foiling Axis shipping plans.

At this point the narrative reads like a Graham Greene story as told by Evelyn Waugh. (Greene himself was engaged in espionage elsewhere in Africa; he and Muggeridge carried on a friendly correspondence—in code, of course.) An amiable, if venal, police chief was soon in the author's employ, as was a refreshingly honest and courageous prostitute. Reports were always in demand, and he often found himself relaying useless information just to ensure that his German opposite number—whose code had been broken—would not scoop him at the home office.

But while the quiet absurdities of intelligence work, miles away from any waterfront, provided a relatively unruffled surface, deep rumblings were taking place in Muggeridge's spiritual life. By temperament and conviction a skeptic, he was never a stranger to despair. In Lourenço Marques he determined on suicide. (It is curious how that particular temptation fascinated writers of Muggeridge's generation. In their memoirs both Waugh and Greene recall their dalliances with death, the former by the same method Muggeridge chose, drowning.) He changed his mind, however, and in that moment discovered a new attachment to life.

> *Plodding and floundering on through the black deep mud, but never again without hope; thenceforth always knowing, deep in my heart, remembering even when I forgot, that it was not by chance or for nothing that the lights of Peter's Cafe and Costa del Sol had called me back.*

This suicide attempt marks the most significant eruption of Muggeridge's inner life into his narrative, but not the only one. From his earliest days he possessed Augustine's "restless heart" ("I have invariably felt about everything I have had to do for a living that I have been doing it always, and, that I shall stop doing it tomorrow"). It has taken him around the world and, by his own reckoning, has led him into much foolishness, but it also protected him against the snares of utopianism that tripped up so many of his contemporaries. Taking for his own his friend Hugh Kingsmill's dictum that "the attempt to externalise the kingdom of heaven in a temporal shape must end in disaster," Muggeridge has instinctively played the devil's advocate to any scheme to build a lasting secular city. He has seized upon one of the deepest tensions in Christianity—that between the already realized and the yet-to-come—and forged it into a "vorpal sword" to lay low his fellow believers who put their trust in five-year plans and social revolutions.

Muggeridge's perspective has great critical advantages. Combined with his considerable wit and his elegant style,

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it makes him a formidable commentator on the vanities of our times—and who could deny they are legion? For all his handwringing, he is seldom lugubrious. He can also be quite generous in his assessment of individuals. Of the much-maligned P. G. Wodehouse, whom he met in Paris at the end of the war, he writes: "He is a man singularly ill-fitted to live in a time of ideological conflict, having no feelings of hatred about anyone, and no very strong views about anything." For Kim Philby too, the notorious double agent, Muggeridge manages to muster some personal sympathy. Philby was, in part at least, a victim of the very system he betrayed—only he carried the deception one step further.

Wit and irony will not save the world, but they make its absurdities bearable. Muggeridge has learned that lesson well. He skirts the edges of cynicism often, but is pulled back by his belief in a God who comprehends all our contradictions. This installment of his life ends with the reinterment of the ashes of his wife's aunt, Beatrice Webb, and of her husband Sidney. Muggeridge had long since abandoned the religion of socialism, but the ceremony in Westminster Abbey served as a sacramental seal. "For me, the story that began on those walks with my father through Park Hill Recreation Ground to East Croydon Station, was now, once and for all, over. Another Way had to be found and explored." Its discovery was coincident with Muggeridge's period of greatest public exposure. One looks forward to volume three.

John B. Breslin

JOHN B. BRESLIN *is literary editor of* America.

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Brief Tour

Attitudes Toward Death by Philippe Aries

(Johns Hopkins; $8.95)

This new book by the author of the classic *Centuries of Childhood* is not likely to influence the study of death in any extraordinary way. It is so brief that it can do little to substantiate its central arguments. More important, it is provocative without justifying procedural irregularities that would not be tolerated in a more ambitious and conventional historical analysis. The most interesting items in Aries' book have been extensively documented and examined by previous researchers, though the framework in which Aries sets his materials is something of an original contribution, representing an imaginative effort we are bound to admire.

Why, then, has Aries' book stirred more than considerable interest in cultural circles? Princeton historian Robert Darnton has written a long essay in *The New York Review of Books* largely commending its adventurous design, and concluding that Aries "has enriched history with a supply of hypotheses that will reorient research, even if many of them prove to be false." If Darnton's conclusion speaks for professional historians in general, it indicates a shift they relate to their discipline. No longer apparently is it assumed that history is concerned largely with what can be documented and explained in plausible ways. More and more, it would seem, history shares with recently emergent disciplines like psychoanalysis the character of the probe, the adventurous speculation in matters not often available to ordinary scrutiny and perfectly plausible explanation. No more than Freud was required to prove to the satisfaction of common sense the existence of a primitive death instinct beyond the pleasure principle is Aries required to prove his hypotheses, provided only that they be stimulating.

A considerable proportion of Aries' book details in a fragmentary, breezy way developments in the culture of the last thousand years which have been conventionally substantiated. Working from funerary design, depictions of death-bed rituals in poems, novels and paintings, Aries has much to tell us about attitudes toward death current in the Middle Ages and in subsequent eras. We learn for example that liturgists in the 13th century actually stipulated the correct ritual position in which a Christian was to await his death. He would lie down, accepting in this gesture what Aries calls a "tamed death," one "both familiar and near," neither especially awesome nor private. Such a person, submissive and yet determined to do what was necessary, "presided over" his death, Aries contends, and could invite into his bed-chamber those who might appropriately wait with him for the end, including the children of the family.

Aries' thesis is that attitudes toward death have changed radically, most especially in our time, and that some of these changes indicate quite awful developments in our culture. Many were long in coming, it is clear, but some changes occurred so rapidly that the historian is hard put to account for them. Gradually, Aries briefly shows, people came to be disturbed by the ancient "promiscuity between the living and the dead" evidenced by the practice of dancing, gambling and making merry in cemeteries. Various edicts and texts dating from the 13th through the 17th centuries are noted as support for the view that death in this period ceased to be as familiar as it once was. All this is quite interesting, though far from conclusive. More important is Aries' contention that the dying man came increasingly to see death as an opportunity to become aware of himself as an individual. The account book thus came to assume grave significance, for though this *liber vitae* "must first have been conceived of as a cosmic book, the formidable census of the universe," by "the end of the middle ages it became an individual account book."

In the late 18th century emphasis was placed not on the imminence of one's own death but on the death of loved ones. By the 19th century "mourning was unfurled with an uncustomary degree of ostentation," a phenomenon Aries is at great pains to document with references to psychological eruptions ("hysterical mourning," "cults of memory," "melancholy," and so on). The chapter on "Thy Death" is important, though, only as prelude to the final section on "Forbidden Death," for the sake of which the entire work seems to have been designed. It is Aries' view that in the late 19th century men came more and more to look upon dying and death

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as ugly, and that by the 1930s the reality of dying had been interdicted in some strange and terrible way. Aries writes: "... given that life is always happy or should always seem to be so, it is no wonder that men should wish to keep death a secret from one another, and that strong emotions in the face of death should be discountenanced. For contemporary man, Aries argues, "an acceptable death is a death which can be accepted or tolerated by the survivors." Thus, "too evident sorrow does not inspire pity but repugnance, it is the sign of mental instability or of bad manners."

It is clear that Aries has put his finger on a great deal that is troubling in our culture. The argument coincides explicitly with the formulations of earlier writers like Geoffrey Gorer and Jessica Mitford, as Aries himself readily concedes. But the insights he generates are most useful, and need to be considered in ways that other thinkers have already began to chart. What is troubling about the Aries book, though, apart from its failure to elaborate the points toward which all chapters are finally directed, is the confusion it engenders as to its true purpose. Is it a polemic, we wonder, or a work of cultural history?

In his classic essay "The Task of Cultural History," the Dutch historian Huizinga writes of his discipline that "the forms of the past are expressions of a spirit it attempts to understand, always viewing them in the thick of events." What we miss in Aries' little book is just "the thick of events" that would communicate a plausible context for those various forms the volume sketches. Huizinga also writes that for the cultural historian, "Judgment has to rest on an absolute conviction that what is described must have been that way." The spirit of the speculative probe is not consistent with such a conviction, though there is room for some rigorous speculation in a carefully wrought history. Indispensable in a work of cultural history are specific facts to account for phenomena described. Aries selects his details deftly, but one necessarily feels that more has been suppressed than the cultural historian can afford to leave out. It is not coherence that one objects to in the book, but the price at which Aries would seem to have purchased it. By the end of his book the reader feels that he has been taken on an impressionistic tour of Aries' lively mind, but that it is not on behalf of what actually happened to the idea of death that the tour was initiated. If it is as an original thinker, rather than as a historian, that Aries would address us, he must do so with yet a greater sense of risk and broader range of argument than his book on death can claim.

Robert Boyers

ROBERT BOYERS, editor of Salmagundi, *is professor of English at Skidmore College.*

Fine Print

Catch All

Doris Grumbach

If you're looking for a lightweight and lighthearted book to take away on your vacation you could do no better than Peter Passell and Leonard Ross' spoof on the kinds of books whose titles begin with The Best Of . . . (*The Best of Life*, etc.) This one, however, is different. **The Best** (Farrar Straus & Giroux; $5.95) is a gathering of idiosyncratic personal preferences on such diverse subjects as "The best recording of the *Messiah*" (Karl Richter's DG); "The best way to stay alive" (live clean, stay calm, work hard, eat a low-calorie diet, transplant or implant new organs for worn-out ones); "The best book of the Bible" (Job); "The best seven-letter word for Scrabble" (jonquil). There is much more of the same, some of it very knowledgeable, to wit, "The best ski," some extremely funny: "The best example of analytic thought: Whenever a person is called upon to make a speech, the first question that enters his mind is 'What shall I talk about?' " This from President Ford.

Robert Brustein has sent me a copy of **Yale/Theatre** published at Yale School of Drama, and featuring in this issue the texts of the school's performance of **Watergate Classics,** by a variety of authors. Brustein says the 27 performances given of it were intended to "serve as a relief valve for our own feelings of outrage," but they quickly discovered that their audiences shared these feelings. All of the pieces here are satiric, some are outright lampoons and spoofs; they are written by students, faculty and well known writers from the outside: Jules Feiffer, Art Buchwald, Philip Roth, etc. I recommend them for both your reading pleasure and your sense of the relationship between life and art. Brustein's own piece, called "Oedipus Nix," and his "Dick's Last Tape," are among the best. All the take-offs now have a sad, past-tense sound, illustrating how hard it has become to be funny on the subject of Nixon, Watergate, impeachment, but they are often clever enough to make good reading. This supplement to *Yale/Theatre* is three dollars, for sale at 222 York Street, New Haven, Conn. 06520.

A curiosity among late August books is **The Connoisseur** by Evan S. Connell (Knopf; $6.95). I picked it up to browse through it, found myself held by the same fascination that the hero Muhlbach develops for pre-Columbian works of art. What starts as almost an idle interest on the part of the hero develops into an obsession that any collector in the grip of a passion for acquisition will immediately recognize as authentically described. While you are watching Muhlbach's connoisseurship grow you learn much about pre-Columbian art. The combination may not make great fiction in the classic sense, but it does

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make instructive reading. Connell wrote *Mr. Bridge* and *Mrs. Bridge*, you may remember, and this book is entirely different from those, proof of the writer's rather extraordinary range.

The last volume I expected to enter the realm of pop culture is the dictionary. Yet the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary* in its recent Pocket Book edition (95 cents) has done just that. The cover, front and back, looks exactly like the side of a New York subway train or like the doodled notebook cover of a high school student, covered with colorful graffiti: "Right on! Funky, Rock, Ego Trip, Super Bummer, Machismo, Camp, Hot Pants" and so forth. This mod edition has a plain, red, standard twin edition, the cover I'm accustomed to seeing that to date has sold 25 million copies in previous editions. Merriam-Webster's publicity release says that the mod edition is "intended to attract students," it is expected to be "a runaway bestseller." Both may well happen. First printing is half a million copies. But students may be quick to discover that although hot pants is scrawled on the cover it is not granted admission to the list of defined words and phrases inside the dictionary. Hot lines, yes. Hot plate and hot potato, hot rod, hot seat and hot shot are there, but no hot pants. In this case modernity is limited to the cover.

My colleague, book editor of the *Los Angeles Times* Digby Diehl, has published his first book **Supertalk** (Doubleday; $8.95), a collection of his interviews with such supertalkers as Henry Miller, Clare Boothe Luce, Melvin Belli, Hugh Hefner, Huey Newton, Gloria Steinem and many more. Diehl is a master of the coherent, knowledgeable, sympathetic question-and-answer conversational approach to his subjects, very much in the tradition of the *Paris Review* interviews. He is well acquainted with the work of the people he is talking to, and a good, fair, patient listener to their answers. I offer this book for warm-weather reading because the interview form makes it easy and quick reading. But don't be deceived. If on the page the reading looks easier than, say, profiles in the *New Yorker*, it turns out to be equally challenging. The talkative subjects are allowed a great deal of space to explore their ideas and answers. In the process, the ego of the interviewer (as Diehl points out in his introductory remarks) disappears, as it should. Some of the answers are predictable but still, one caught me unprepared for the shock:

> *Q (to S.I. Hayakawa): What [about] Governor Reagan's remark that he would help you keep S.F. State open at bayonet point?*
> *H: He said at one time that if it takes a bloodbath, so be it.*
> *Q: Would you go to those lengths?*
> *H: To me, the university is a pretty sacred institution . . . It's the nearest thing I've got to having a church . . . I've had 600 policemen here to protect [the] freedom to think. I think I'm willing to use any amount of force necessary to keep it that way.*

Two veteran members of an Israeli kibbutz have written a book about their lives, published by the Herzl Press ($7.95). Yoself Criden and Saadia Gelb were Americans who became pioneer members, 30 years ago, of the Galilean kibbutz, Kfar Blum. Their book is illuminating, as direct as oral history of a sort: the two early settlers made 16 hours of taped material later edited and transcribed into a most readable series of statements. Being conspicuously ignorant of the details of kibbutzim life, I found the sections dealing with domestic details, child-rearing and education, and religious rituals especially informative. The authors have a kind of wit that made the parts on "some kibbutz types" fun to read: "the delightful nudnik" who tells the same stories over and over; "the plain Bore" who collars you at every opportunity about his aches and pains, all the persons who make up the population of these pioneering settlements. Was it worthwhile? What is the new third generation like? Do you want to stay on the kibbutz? Is there true equality there? Answers to all of these questions for the naturally curious American can be found in **The Kibbutz Experience: Dialogue in Kfar Blum.**

Related to this is another study of a special way of life that an editor at *TNR* pointed out to me as making an inter-

For *the* Life *of* Him *and* Her

For the life of her she couldn't decide what to wear to the party.
All those clothes in the closet and not a thing to wear.
Nothing to wear, nothing wearable to a party,
Nothing at all in the closet for a girl to wear.

For the life of him he couldn't imagine what she was doing up there.
She had been messing around in that closet for at least an hour,
Trying on this, trying on that, trying on all those clothes up there,
So that they were already late for the party by at least an hour.

If only he wouldn't stand around down in the hall,
She could get herself dressed for the party, she knew she could somehow,
But he made her so nervous, he was so nervous there in the hall
That she didn't think they would get to the party anyhow.

He didn't want to go the party anyhow,
And he didn't want to stand and stand in the hall,
But he didn't want to tell her he didn't want to go anyhow.
He just didn't want to, that's all.

REED WHITTEMORE

REED WHITTMORE, *formerly literary editor of* TNR, *is now at work on a biography of William Carlos Williams.*

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esting contrast. Princeton University Press issued last spring **The Death of Communal Liberty** by Benjamin R. Barber ($12.50). The curious student and general reader—note that it is a scholarly study—can learn what is happening to life in Switzerland's alpine villages. They are becoming anachronisms. The national government is insisting that the direct democracy of Switzerland's decentralized confederation of parochial cantons is "obstructive and inefficient." The world around and in those cantons has become more and more industrialized and urbanized, self-government and personal autonomy is now a rarity. The centralizing bureaucracies are determined on "reform." Barber is deeply concerned to show that "the institutions of direct democracy are inherently neither conservative nor progressive," that they can be used to effect change "under conditions of consensus and unity of governing and people." It can work, ideally, he seems to be saying, but at this moment direct democracy in Switzerland has taken on a "peculiar conservatism" because the communal conditions that nourished and supported it are going or are gone. A sad book, but at the same time an interesting companion volume to the relatively optimistic account of communal life in Israel.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

whether or not he cares for Bergman or even for film, the book is a rambling but fascinating journey into the recesses where questions are formed, not answered. Thus, since the book is ostensibly composed of answers, this is also a tribute to his questioners.

Full filmography. Lots of pictures.

I'm willing to blame *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* on the director, Ted Kotcheff. I *want* to blame him even though Mordecai Richler wrote the original novel and then worked on the last draft of Lionel Chetwynd's screen adaptation, because Richler is a writer whose other work I respect and Kotcheff is a TV-realist twerp, the Canadian equivalent of our 1960s TV-realist twerps. (Chetwynd is I don't know what—it clearly doesn't matter.)

Kotcheff gives us an opening sequence in which a troop of Montreal high school cadets are marching down a street and halt because a delivery-van horse is excreting in their path; then he shows us a close-up of the horse doing it; then he gives us a ground-level shot of the steaming pile as the cadets march around it. Can't ask for more earthy unflinching humor than that, can you? Inevitably he later shows us the hero and his girl racing hand in hand through a field, photographed through waving grass in the foreground. That's the *poetic* end of the spectrum, folks. All of it is in Brian West's three-for-25 cents postcard color work.

In between we get one more version of the tale of the young urban Jew on the make, deprived of moral base by the harsh scramble of the New World and his lack of affinity with the traditions of the Old. This time, instead of Hollywood *(What Makes Sammy Run?)* or London *(Expresso Bongo)*, it's Montreal 1948. And it's shabbily constructed.

As you watch Richard Dreyfuss in that same old energetic, diabolically ingratiating leading role, you know it's *epater-le-bourgeoisie* time again: an actor is going to be acclaimed for sustaining a part when it's really vice versa. Jack Warden, as his father, peels one more layer off that endless onion he calls his career. Joe Silver, as a benefactor, ostentatiously thick-lips his way to overdone Jewish authenticity. Only Denholm Elliot, as a drunken "old-boy" film director, livens the fake-lively proceedings.

Where was Richler's edge? This is flat, trite, essentially sentimental pseudo-satire, neither indicting its subject nor revelling in his immorality. So what it comes to is a lot of money-men making money out of pietistic attitudes about money-making.

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